

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

"SATURDAY NIGHT" wishes its readers a Merry Christmas. As this is a festive season we are willing to extend this complimentary remark to the general public. It costs nothing, and we do not propose to be mean during a period when there is such a prodigality of good wishes being expressed on every side. I will go further, and indulge in the wish that everybody will be merry always, Christmas or no Christmas. You will observe that there is nothing small about this, and it may also strike you that it is of no great benefit to anyone. I am afraid the observance of Christmas is a good deal of a habit, but no one can say that it is a bad habit, for at least once in a twelve-month we should try, either formally or as a fact, to put ourselves in a gentle and receptive mood, even if it has to be done by force of will. If we only thaw out once a year it is better so than not to thaw out at all. It is better to give voice to good wishes at this season than to have one's tongue grow unaccustomed to the speaking of gentle things. That there is so much emptiness and formality about even these gentlest periods of our lives, discourages me from attempting to reiterate traditional phrases which for two thousand years have made this recurrent season pleasanter than all others. Probably if we accustomed ourselves to wishing our friends A Merry Day, instead of saying Good Morning, there might be more merriment in the world, for there is no reason that I have discovered which debars mankind from having a perpetual Christmas as far as merriment and good wishes are concerned. Indeed, I think this was the intention of the One after whom the day is named.

If we ask one another to be merry on this the natal day of our Saviour, why should we be considered heretics if on a Sunday, the day set apart out of each week to commemorate the visit to this world of Christ—as Christmas is set apart as one day out of the year for the same purpose—we ask one another to be merry? How would it sound, "A Merry Sunday to you!" This is not according to theology as it is taught, for many of the preachers, and one particular association for the maintenance of the Sad Sunday, demand that we should be lugubrious and long-faced on the first day of the week. If anybody on earth is entitled to be merry, it is the true Christian who feels assured that nothing serious can happen on earth, the life on which is less than a millionth part of a second of eternity, while beyond the cloud-covered valley between Here and There he or she is assured of everlasting joy. If Christians always greeted one another and the world with the cry of: "Come and be merry with us, for Christ is come and we are redeemed, and earth has no sorrows and heaven has eternal joys," the churches would be full instead of empty.

This world is sad enough, God knows, and we know, but the misery of it is that we do not know why others are sad, and others seem to be entirely heedless as to the cause of our sorrow. I confess I know more of the seamy side of life than I do of the good side, and I am sorry for it. I am sorer still that I know something of the seamy side of alleged goodness, though I cannot regret having a certain acquaintance with the good side of apparent badness. I am always sorry to hear anyone says he knows the world well and has found it a poor, miserable thing. Such an assertion indicates the company one has kept. It is said we cannot know spiritual things unless we are spiritually minded; that we know little of good unless we seek goodness. Probably if those of us who are in the newspaper business could make goodness as interesting to our readers as what is often considered badness, we would seek it more. Probably if those who have the doing of good at their heart would take a little more pains to come to us sometimes when they haven't favors to ask or rebukes to offer, we might feel ourselves less outside of the pale. It is possible that if there were a general recognition of the truth that all people are not necessarily good in the same way, and that sometimes the best-intentioned people refuse to be judged by a virtuous rule which is easy for some to follow while difficult for others, there would be a better mutual understanding.

Certainly no one good thing or bad thing should be a finality in the measurement of our neighbors. I believe in the goodness of people. The whole commercial and social world are held together by a mutual faith in one another which is surprising when we come to examine it. To a greater or less extent the whole Christian world clings to the same belief in the goodness and kindness of the God who made us. The suicide who goes out into the darkness of the other world by his own act, may show a greater faith in God than he does in the world, while the aged Christian who clings to life amidst disease, pain, and abandonment by his friends, may show less faith in the God who created him than the despairing creature who flies from the ill he knows unto those he wots not of.

Surely this is a season when we may properly indulge in these reflections and find a common ground for our belief in the glorious mission of the Saviour, and in that heartease which is born of the fatherhood of God.

WHAT has become of the James Bay Railway? The City Council and Board of Trade were working hard at this thing a while ago, but, like all the schemes fathered by those distinguished bodies, the line connecting this city with James Bay has, apparently, fallen bottom side up. The president of the Board of Trade was much offended when, some time ago, I called his attention to the fact that a man like Mr. Clergue, of the Soo, was worth more to a community than all the Boards of Trade we ever had. This fact is now being rapidly demonstrated, for the Clergue road is stretching out towards James Bay, while our city and Board of Trade Solons are stretching their necks in a yawn. It would be immaterial if Clergue's Soo road would bring the trade to Toronto, but this is unlikely to happen, for it is now intimated, according to the "North Star," of Parry Sound, "that a railway is to be constructed to connect with the Canada Atlantic Railway at Whitney. If this line is built it will divert all the trade from New Ontario, which ought by right to go to Toronto, from that city and carry it east to Ottawa and Montreal. The building of the Toronto-Sudbury-James Bay Railway would avert this threatened calamity and give Toronto an easy entrance into New Ontario." There is no doubt that within a score of years New Ontario will become perhaps the most progressive portion of this province; yet the people of Toronto, trusting to others to do their business, lie abed, and seem to be either unaware of or unaffected by the change which is being made by new railroads in the geography of the district formerly considered contributory to this city. We are simply being cut out and fenced off, and the great commercial barons and municipal magnates meet, and talk, and resolve, and adjourn, so profoundly impressed by their own greatness that this locality gets nothing out of the new deals which are going on except hot air and a few grandiose postures. Even the country newspapers up north are laughing at us, and yet we seem supremely unconscious that the question is up to us as to

whether we are to answer this James Bay railway conundrum or go down foot.

HAVE read with care, if without enthusiasm, the address which Mr. O. A. Howland has issued to justify his candidature for the position of Mayor. The position taken by Mr. Howland is practicable, and many of his ideas are good, but I am very much afraid that the author of this elaborate address is personally incapable of bringing about the reforms which he suggests. Mr. Howland is weak, not for lack of great theories, but because he is absolutely lacking in executive ability. The old adage which regards the best administered government as being the best, applies in this instance. We have had plenty of theory; what we need is a strong administrator, and I do not think that Mr. Howland's best friend would claim for him even average executive talent. The aldermen and municipal self-seekers who surround the civic throne would tip over Mr. Howland's applecart before January slides into February. He is a nice man, and would look well in the Mayor's chair, but he would be absolutely ineffectual except as a poetic picture.

THE present incumbent of the office has declared that he will again be a candidate. A year ago this paper expressed its opinion of this person, both before and after his election. His suit for libel, after being carried into every court which was open to it, has been dismissed with costs, though I understand that new opportunities for appeal are being sought. Our expression of opinion came high, but it was published for the public good, and it is to be hoped

but New York is not a city of fools, and the aldermen know enough to manipulate things much more cunningly than this story would suggest. Nevertheless, this improbable romance was lugged into his sermon as an introduction to the alleged aldermanic corruption in our own city. As an evening paper very truly remarked, we have had scores of utterly incompetent aldermen, but no one believes that corruption has eaten its way into the City Council to any considerable extent. No doubt some of the incapables we have had have traded off city favors for slight benefits which were obtainable. There never will be a time when self-interest will be eliminated from human nature, and there is no better instance of how this desire for prominence and the indirect profit which it brings will lead people into doing extraordinary things, than the twopenny-halfpenny sensationalism of Rev. Mr. Morris himself.

REFERRING to the recent general elections, the "Mail and Empire" says: "Ontario did not vote as she did because she was not sufficiently driven in the other direction; she declared against Laurier, Sifton, and Tarte because she is moral." The complete election returns for this province declare that there were 199,344 votes polled for the Conservative candidates, and 195,425 for the Liberal candidates, leaving a Conservative majority of 3,919 votes. According to the "Mail and Empire" the moral people in this province in excess of the immoral people number less than four thousand. I should not like to think that all those who voted for the Liberal candidates were immoral, and I am not credulous enough to imagine that all those who voted for

amine and read before they buy, but I think it a fact that books issued by Canadian publishers, who are now so numerous and enterprising, are likely to be safe and pleasing. Our publishers know Canadian tastes and prejudices. Our publishers know Canadian tastes and prejudices, and take great pains before accepting either local, British or foreign works, to have them read by competent men. They must do this, or be caught with unsalable works, and therefore to-day a book with the name of a reputable Canadian publisher on it is almost always safer than others.

THE perfidious conduct of the United States Congress in its treatment of the Hay-Pauncefote and the Clayton-Bulwer treaties with regard to the Nicaragua canal, should enlighten Great Britain as to the utter absence of honor which characterizes the representatives of the United States in their dealings with foreign nations. Individually the people of the United States are liable to deal as fairly and honestly with one another and their customers abroad, as the individuals of any other nation, but their Congress seems to have a code of honor fashioned upon the ethics of a gypsy horse-trade. Time, however, will work its own revenge in this particular matter, and Canada may be the beneficiary in the end. Already California is beginning to count the cost of the canal and to observe that the traffic which now comes overland to San Francisco for shipment to Australia and Japan, when the canal is built will follow a different route, side-tracking all the Pacific Coast States. The Middle States, which can ship to the Pacific as cheaply by San Francisco as by New York, will also ask whether they will get a benefit from the enormous expenditure. Every year that the beginning of the canal is delayed will set the various sections of the United States at loggerheads, and it is quite possible that in Central America the republics may find reasons for objecting to its construction and fortification. The United States Congress, therefore, may discover, as individuals have almost invariably discovered, that the crooked dealer must get his transaction through quickly, or, becoming discredited, lose the opportunity altogether.

CIVILIZATION is face to face with a problem which cannot be ignored, and this problem has not been made easier because a certain mock modesty on the part of some, and real modesty on the part of others, have resulted in a refusal to even discuss the facts. When the lioness will not desert her cub, nor the she-wolf her offspring, when in the lowest order of nature the mother will always defend her young, what are we to think of that decrease or degeneracy of the maternal instinct amongst thousands of women which results in such disclosures as are made in our courts and hospitals and by our statistics? At a recent criminal investigation in this city with regard to the death of a married woman, a well-known medical practitioner gave evidence that during the past year he had attended thirteen women suffering from the effects of criminal operations similar to that which he testified had caused fatal results to Mrs. Milne. Now here was a reputable doctor who gave nothing but his individual experience. In this city we have 368 doctors, and no doubt the great majority of them have had similar experiences, differing, of course, according to the size of their practice and the class of people amongst whom they pay their visits. If questioned, doubtless they would evade a direct answer, though I am doubtful if any of them would deny having in their possession facts which bear out the theory that even in many respectable families the wife, and sometimes the husband, and sometimes both, so strongly object to having a large family that illegitimate means are resorted to in order to prevent its increase. If it were not that the physicians almost invariably have such a high idea of their duty, the population would increase even more slowly than statistics indicate it is doing.

Almost coincident with the little glimpse behind the scenes afforded by the Milne inquest, was a report of the Provincial Health Officer, showing that, notwithstanding an increase of 1,139 marriages in Ontario in 1899 over 1898, and a steady yearly increase since 1895, the birth rate of the province, already abnormally low, continues to drop still lower. Without discussing this matter at any length, it is useless to urge that this is caused by decreased virility, and we have a right to enquire how it is that, with all our agencies for education and the moral and social and physical uplifting of the conditions of the people, we are simply arriving at unnatural results which are far from indicating either true refinement, contentment or happiness.

Of the methods employed to keep down the birth rate of course it is impossible to speak, and unfortunately they are perhaps too well known to require more than the mention of the fact that such methods exist. Why such methods are employed is the problem which should be squarely faced. It would be hard to imagine, and none can realize, the real depth of shame and desperation which is felt by the unmarried woman who expects to become a mother, but we can form some idea of the frantic appeals that a woman in such a state of mind would make to a physician as she seeks to escape the results of her folly, and it has been established to be folly, or worse, for a woman even to yield—without the sanction of law and society—to that most powerful instinct, love, and permit the one she loves to gratify his lust, though in the majority of cases the poor thing no doubt thought that he, too, loved, and it seems hard to her that she should be damned and socially ostracized because she had simply been a woman who could not say "no." She thinks of the thousands of her sister women who, under the same circumstances, ungaurded, untrained, probably, as she was, would have done the same thing, and frantically flies for relief to the doctor, or that unspeakable person who makes the giving of this relief his or her business. It does not take a very wild flight of imagination to share the mental condition of the doctor who has to refuse, and it is not impossible or unnatural even to sympathize with the doctor who yields to the temptation of the tearful woman in distress. For those who do this sort of thing for money and make it their business, there can be no sympathy except such as we feel for all malefactors when they are caught and we begin to view them simply as human beings, not as dangers to society. That all such practices are confined to low-grade physicians and unlicensed midwives, would be a comforting thing to believe, for then we would think the evil much less general than it is. Only at the last great assize will we know everything about one another, and perhaps not then. Physicians tell me that the self-inflicted agonies of this sort are vastly greater in number than the non-professional world would ever dream, and some of them say, "Why not? Is it not better that the child should die before birth than to join the multitude of uncared-for infants who die in baby farms or crawl up through the slime of their origin to join the starving or criminal population?"

This brings up another phase of the subject, and I refer to it because it is at hand and represents perhaps the best phase of the attention the illegitimate outcast baby receives. The "Daily Herald," of Montreal, has been seeking for facts with regard to the extraordinary death rate in a couple of charitable institutions in Montreal. Dr. Hingston is one of the oldest and most reputable physicians in that city,



MISS AGNES C. LAUT,

Author of *Lords of the North*, a remarkable Canadian novel. (See p. 14.)

effected its purpose. As a candidate for a second term, the electors may judge for themselves; they now have plenty of evidence of his unfitness before them.

THE case of Rev. J. T. Morris, pastor of the McCaul street Methodist church, in itself is hardly worth noticing, except as an illustration of the penny whistle methods of a certain class of preachers who desire to obtain notoriety. A dog-tag scandal and the fifty-cent pork and poetry fireworks are so unutterably small and thin that one hates to engage in such a peanut argument. There are great abuses in this city which need the attention not only of the parsons, but the people, but Rev. Mr. Morris has not got near them, and appears to be a man of too small a variety to grasp anything larger than that which he has already used without good either to his church or to the city.

At the outset of his civic sensationalism Mr. Morris told a story which at once proclaimed him to be a superficial sensationalist. It was to the effect that a young contractor, having fallen in love with the daughter of a New York alderman, went to his prospective father-in-law to ask his consent to a marriage. The alderman asked the young man if he had tendered for a city contract, and being answered in the affirmative, and the amount having been stated, the alderman told him to double it, and later on to add on a third for extras, etc. This was told to show the rottenness of civic life in New York, but if we examine this story its absurdity is so apparent as to kill the force of everything it was intended to illustrate. Is it likely that the father, even though an alderman, would at once proclaim himself to the young man asking for his daughter's hand, to be such a scoundrel? Is it likely, even with the rottenness of New York politics, that a man could successfully double the amount of his tender with many others tendering against him? Is it likely, without rhyme or reason, that he could add a third for extras and successfully get it through? If these things happened, who was there to tell the story? Certainly the alderman would not tell it, and it is unlikely that the young wife would tell it. Nobody who heard this pipe-dream repeated in the pulpit, or read it in the papers, would take it for anything but a ghastly attempt to momentarily interest an audience with a wildly improbable tale. New York is bad enough,

the Conservative candidates were moral. In fact, I do not think morality had a very great deal to do with it. The most popular candidates are not those who stand on a pedestal and wear a halo—in fact, it is quite the reverse—and when the "Mail and Empire" talks this sort of rubbish it convinces nobody of anything except that the newspaper on the corner of King and Bay streets has mistaken its whiskers for a harp, and the echo which comes out of its hat for a voice from above.

BOOKS are much in favor as Christmas presents. After the loving parent, relative or friend has exhausted the toy shop, the jewelry store, and every other shop where "suitable presents" are offered for sale, and there is still something lacking, a book is bought to fill the vacant places in both large and small stockings. The amount of discrimination shown in book-buying it is to be feared is not very great, for, unfortunately, to more people than we would suspect of this peculiarity, a book is a book, and as such should be read and treasured. Without doubt many good books are given to people who do not care for their particular style of literature. Sometimes this is innocently done, but frequently gives imagine that the possession of the book will induce its owner to read it. Poems are given to boys who want hunting stories, or to girls who hunger and thirst after something romantic in prose. This, however, is not the point that I desire to bring out. How much supervision is given to the reading matter which falls into the hands of the young people of this country whose minds are in a formative stage? In the majority of cases I am afraid there is but little. Parents permit their children to buy books, or to borrow them, which are entirely unfit for youngsters to read. At Christmas-tide all sorts and conditions of writers are patronized by those giving presents, and the beginning of the year is consequently a season of mental indigestion for many youngsters who are refused a third helping of turkey or pudding for fear they will have bad dreams. It strikes me that we should be as careful of what we read as of what we eat. One recovers quickly from physical indigestion, for its pangs are such as at once induce us to adopt a plainer diet, but from mental indigestion and the blood-poisoning which comes of bad reading we may never entirely free ourselves. It is almost impossible for buyers of books to ex-

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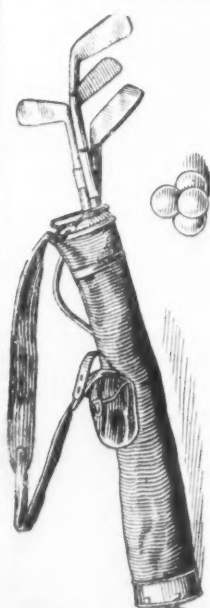
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and, being a Roman Catholic, cannot be accused of having any prejudice against the Grey Nunnery. He is reported to have stated to his interviewer "that his experience had been that ninety-six per cent. of the babies or foundlings received into that institution died, but that this was not extraordinary considering the state of the children when they were brought in. In some cases the children were left on the doorstep like poultry, and he had even seen three infants tied together by the ankles and left till someone might find them." Dr. Rottot, who has been house doctor of the Grey Nunnery for thirty years, went over the books of the institution with a "Herald" reporter, and expressed himself as surprised at the large death rate. In 1898, of the 300 children admitted, 15 lived. In 1899, out of 337 there were only 19 survived, and up to the present date in 1900, 313 have been admitted, of which 42 are still living. He said it was "impossible to mend the awful state of affairs, owing to the condition of the children when they were brought in. Most of them were illegitimate, many were drugged, and the vast majority died within a few hours or days after their entrance." One of the reverend women who has been in charge of a ward for a number of years stated that she had often found the death rate was higher even than ninety-six per cent. I have not the slightest doubt that everything is done at the Grey Nunnery which is possible for these children, for it is a part of the faith of the pious women who devote their lives to the work that a child brought up in the Church and made into a good man or a good woman is a jewel in the crown of a life of self-sacrifice. I only quote the incidents and the figures to give further point to the statement that an effort to escape maternity or the consequences of it is a terrible and growing evil, and must be faced. I will not deal with the revelations of a deplorable state of things in a Protestant orphanage, because that has to do with the treatment of children after they have passed the dangers of infancy, and it is only just to say, in passing, that the Roman Catholic Church has done more to prevent the present terrible condition of things than Protestantism has ever attempted.

To sum up the whole matter, we have every proof that there is in existence a terrible abhorrence on the part not only of the unfortunate amongst the unmarried, but amongst many of those who are fortunate socially and quite able financially and physically to rear a family, to having children, or at least to having what they consider too many of them. All sorts of methods, as everybody knows who reads the newspapers, either the news or the advertising columns, are practiced to prevent the increase of the birth rate. Those who are caught in this desperate act are severely punished. Those who are not caught are also severely punished, either physically by permanent damage to their health, or morally and mentally by the degeneracy which such a class of living must certainly bring about. After all, these means do not seem quite so terrible when we see the awful fate of the unwelcome child. Civilization is persecuting the fallen woman, to a certain extent punishing the fallen man. Society is receiving, as usual, those who have sinned but have not been detected, and we might with profit spend a few moments enquiring whether civilization has not falsified or transplanted into impossible soil that section of human nature which is called sex. It might be worth enquiring whether the conditions surrounding matrimony and the bringing up of a family, the expenses which we have heaped upon ourselves and insist upon heaping upon others, are not partially to blame. Persecution, imprisonment, and social ostracism, have not made people moral; they have only made a certain section of them murderers. It is not a pleasant subject upon which to write, and certainly a difficult problem to solve, yet it is one which we cannot afford to ignore.

A UNITED STATES transport arrived at San Francisco the other day from Manila with the bodies of some fifteen hundred sailors and soldiers who died in battle or of disease in the Philippines, China, Guam, and Honolulu. The despatch says that the bodies were either to receive internment or be sent back to the "homes of relatives"—it seems strange to speak of the relatives of bodies. The whole idea of bringing these putrefying bodies thousands of miles by sea, and shipping them thousands of miles by rail, in order that what remains of the corpse shall be placed in the churchyard beside friends, is paganism. A mere superstition with regard to the body from which the human spirit has fled is made to endanger the health of the living. Pagan rites over the dead are generally more elaborate and expensive than were the customs with regard to the care of the living. This certainly is not civilization, and yet our notions with regard to burial are many of them founded on ideas which are quite as near barbarism. If the bodies of British soldiers who died on distant battle-fields or hospitals were to be taken home to England or sent whence they came, Great Britain would be one vast graveyard. If Canada clamored that the bodies of her sons who perished in South Africa must be brought back, who would be benefited? No doubt considerable expense is justifiable—as popular opinion goes—in bringing back the bodies of friends who die within a reasonable distance, to be buried by the graves of relatives, that their last resting-place may be watched over by loving kindred. Had the bodies returned to San Francisco been cremated and an official certificate issued by the officers, it would have saved the United States a great expense and the people of San Francisco much danger. This incident forcibly brings to public attention the question of burial versus cremation, for it is the fear that the grave of a friend or relative may be desecrated or left unmarked which demands this useless and heathenish expenditure of money that should go to the support of the impoverished or unfortunate who are alive. Were cremation in vogue, the simple certificate of the official in charge of the crematory would banish all thoughts of the remains of a loved one lying unburied or shadowed by the rank weeds growing over a nameless grave.

CONSIDERABLE inflammatory writing is being done with regard to a movement of which the dentists are suspected towards the formation of a tooth trust. One paper goes so far as to suggest that this conspiracy against the undisturbed possession of our teeth is the most dangerous one yet proposed. I am not well informed as to what the dentists really propose to ask of the Legislature, but it is probably an Act which will, to a certain extent, fix the scale of charges to be recognized as legal. Such a scale of charges would practically only be useful in cases of litigation, for competition would exist amongst dentists after the enactment of such a statute very much as it does now. Dentists of repute would probably get more than the scale, and poor ones would probably get less, and they would all alike be struggling, as now, for business.

Much is said against the close corporation which the laws of the province have allowed the medical fraternity to become, yet there is a continual wail amongst practising physicians that the majority of doctors are forced to permit their patients to fix their fees. There are so many doctors that even the physician who has for years attended a family must think twice before he sends in a bill as large as he thinks he is entitled to collect. Doctors who overcharge their patients are sure to lose practice, for to many people one doctor appears to be nearly as good as another. The doctor who has obtained the confidence of a family can be trusted not to take chances of losing the business by overcharges, and doctors who are looking for this confidence know very well that they cannot obtain it by putting in a slashing big bill. If, however, the bill is disputed in court, the organization have a recognized status and can protect themselves, or perhaps extort more than in equity is due to them. Nevertheless, we certainly would not care to be overrun in this country by a horde of unlicensed and unorganized physicians. If the public are not protected from quack dentists as they are from quack doctors, they should be, and any talk about trusts amongst either the sawbones or the tooth-carpeners is ridiculous. Let us reserve our energy to fight those trusts which really menace the rights of the citizens, though of course remembering that "eternal vigilance is the price" of our teeth as well as of our liberty.

Social and Personal.



HE first of the three assemblies arranged for this winter under the auspices of the Royal Grenadier Regiment, came off last Friday evening, December 14, at the Pavilion, and was a most enjoyable event. It was eminently a young people's dance, very few of the older contingent being present, and the vigor of the dancers being very evidently unimpaired by any blase pose. The re-organized Grenadiers' band, under Mr. Waldron, played for the first time since the shaking up of last season, for a public ball. That the time was a bit erratic was a natural consequence; the waltzes were a trifle slow, but that is the new fashion; the two-steps were simply furious, and many a weary dancer wondered at next day's collapse, which was, no doubt, owing to having danced at such speed on the previous night. However, Mr. Waldron will doubtless let us have the two-steps a bit slower next time. The floor was in excellent order, and the Sifton banquet decorations, with a new scheme of decoration on the stage, gave the Pavilion a very smart appearance. The stage was quite enclosed with false walls of red and white bunting, and at the back and side, simulated palm rooms were made in miniature, with charming effect. Dancing began about nine o'clock, the quadrille d'honneur being formed as follows: Colonel Bruce with Mrs. Peters; Colonel Delamere with Mrs. Bruce; Colonel Mason with Mrs. Campbell Macdonald; Colonel Macdonald with Miss Ward, of Victoria; Mr. Sidney Band, A.D.C., with Mrs. Albert Gooderham; Commodore Gooderham with Miss Dunsmuir, of Victoria; Surgeon-Major King with Mrs. George Gooderham; Colonel Young with Mrs. Cartwright. The ball was much enhanced in brilliancy as usual, by the uniforms of the various regiments: scarlet of the Gren, rifle green of the Q.O.R., and blue and silver of the Body Guard, with some handsome men in kilts, and a small party of artillery officers in their showy uniforms. From Stanley Barracks came Lieut.-Colonel Peters, Lieut.-Colonel Young, Major Heward, Major Gallo-way, Mr. Lister, Mr. Burnham, and several others. Mrs. Peters brought her popular guest, Miss Dunsmuir, daughter of a prominent resident of the West Coast, Premier Dunsmuir, and also Miss Ward, of Victoria, B.C. Another popular visitor was Miss Penfold. Miss Keefer, of Ottawa, in a very fetching frock, with garlands of roses, was another; also petite Miss Agnes Dunlop, of Hamilton, who wore a rich and stylish white gown with fringe. Mrs. Peters wore a black net gown, paillette in silver in a graceful scroll design, very effective and smart; her daughter, Miss Grace Peters, was by many chosen as the belle, in white satin, the skirt circled with many tiny frills about the hem, and the bodice very simply and prettily arranged, with light frills of white embroidered chiffon, "en berthe," and lilies of the valley on the shoulder, a most charming frock. Miss Dunsmuir wore pale yellow satin, with French roses. Mrs. Alec Cartwright looked stunning in her wedding gown. Mrs. Melvin-Jones wore a richly spangled and embroidered black gown, and a splendid diamond bird in her coiffure. Miss Melvin-Jones wore that much-admired French grey gown, with openwork design of leaves over pale blue, which, I think, spells Paris. Mrs. Bruce wore pale blue brocade. Mrs. Campbell Macdonald wore pink satin, brocade in white, with lace chiffon and silver on the bodice. Mrs. Albert Gooderham wore a lovely pink satin brocade, with much softly pleated pink chiffon as a flounce, and a very smart and dainty arrangement of fine Brussels lace upon the bodice. Quite a number of the pretty young girls wore black frocks. Miss Muriel Eidout, gleaming with paillettes; Miss Evelyn Cox, her fine complexion looking even finer in contrast with the sombre shade of her frock. Miss Enid Wornum, another girl of exquisite fairness, wore a black gown. Pretty, happy Miss Marion Barker wore black, with white lace applications; her gallant brother was her chaperon, and was welcomed everywhere. Miss Ravenshaw, of London, wore black satin, with a rose-colored chiffon scarf fastened on her bertha, and falling from the shoulder. Miss Burnham, of Port Hope, wore white satin, with blue and silver bodice. Two little debutantes who were charming were Miss Perry, like a French doll, in her golden hair, pretty pink cheeks, and a cloudy frock of white, and Miss Ashley Dunnet in a blue and silver gauze gown, exactly suiting her petite beauty. Everyone regretted that owing to the death of their grandfather, Mr. Maughan, neither the painstaking secretary, Captain Armstrong, nor his young sister, who was to have made her debut, were able to attend the ball. Miss Evelyn Cameron and her pretty guest, Miss Rathbun, were much admired at the dance. Miss Mary Pope, of Boston, in a gown of mousseline de soie, came with her host, Mr. Hees, and was chaperoned by a lady to whom she gave little trouble, being besieged by partners. Miss Somerville, of Atherley, and her mignonette little sister-in-law-elect, Miss Naomi Wilson, were two pretty girls who enjoyed the dance. Miss Beatrice Pearson, who is, I am told, one of the most perfect dancers, wore her white debutante's frock. A very beautiful Paris gown of pink satin, panelled over white and touched with black velvet, was worn by Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, who recently returned with her family from the Continent. Miss Bessie Bethune wore a dainty blue gown with violets; Miss Daisy Monahan wore scarlet satin, and Miss Laurence heliotrope satin. Miss Lamont was in white silk, with turquoise trimmings. Miss Dottie Lamont was as pretty as could be in a canary-colored frock, with many bunches of violets. Miss Emily Falconbridge wore a very pretty pink gown, with some fine lace. Miss Leila McDowell also looked very well. Miss J. Frances Byford wore pink silk, with overdress of pink spotted gauze. Mrs. Victor Armstrong was in yellow. Miss Violet Gooderham looked stunning in black satin. Mrs. Fotheringham wore black silk. Miss Hurdman wore black, and Miss Fuller white mousseline. Miss Ruth Fuller wore yellow, with overdress of lace. Miss Hughes wore white. Miss Marie Foy was very pretty, with a very fetching coiffure. The fashion of wearing a small posy just on one side of the forehead suits some of the piquant faces to a marvel. Mrs. Arthur Massey looked very pretty, as did also Misses George, Allison, Gale, Wisner, Cowan, McArthur, Adele Martin, Vrooman, Phillips, Florence Phillips, Murphy, Eby, Major Stimson and Mr. Beardmore, from Halifax, Mr. Walter Denison, Dr. E. E. King, Messrs. Burke, Hees, King, Tache, Hughes, Mr. W. and Miss Sloane, Captain Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. George Morang, the lady in a handsome pink satin gown; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Kirkpatrick wearing a pink satin gown, richly embroidered in sequins; Miss Heaven, in a handsome lace dress; Messrs. George Lamont, Sydney Band, Captain Wyatt, Mr. Carmichael, Mr. Ricardo-Seaver, Mr. Kingsford, Mr. E. Monck; Miss Cawthra, of Guiseley House, in a dainty white frock; Mr. Drayton; Captain and Mrs. Mitchell; Messrs. Jack Reid, Merrick, Ewan, McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss McMurray, Mrs. and Miss Ruth Fuller, Miss Amy Wright, Miss Evelyn Perrin, Miss Birdie Warren and her charming guest, Miss Sizar, Miss Brouse, Miss Brodie, Miss Nellie White, Miss Hill, Miss Heward, Miss Helliwell, Misses Murphy, Miss Gyp Armstrong, Miss Helon Armstrong, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Miss Fauquier, Mr. and Miss Lockie, Mr. and Miss Lilian Lee, Mr. and Miss Clare Why, Mr. Worts Smart, Mr. Wisner, Mr. Jack Alley, Mr. Kirk Christie, Dr. Vivian, Miss Lamport, Mrs. Byford, Mr. Seagram, Mr. E. S. Cox were a few others of the many present.

Last week, Mrs. S. F. McKinnon was the hostess of a very nice afternoon reception at her home in Sherbourne street. Mrs. Miles assisted her mother in receiving, and the usual, this time even more than usual, lot of pretty girls were in the tea-room. The table was done in deep begonia pink satin ribbons in broad sashes, and a lovely, large centerpiece of begonias, and looked unusually pretty. Among the ladies present were Mrs. G. A. Cox, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. Parkin, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. Eby, Mrs. Tedhunter, Mrs. Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham of

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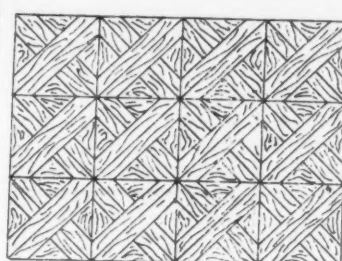
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Maplecroft, and scores of others whom space does not avail to mention.

On Thursday evening the members of Zeta Chapter of Omega Upsilon Phi fraternity in connection with Trinity Medical College, held their second annual banquet in the red room of the Temple Cafe, and as usual it was a huge success. Noticeable among those present were Drs. Temple, Shuttworth, Parsons, Bingham, Pepler, Ryerson, and Stanton. Messrs. Levy, Pritchard and Allen contributed several solos to the general entertainment, and were duly appreciated.

Mrs. Will D. Jones, formerly of Brantford, has removed to Toronto, and has taken up house at 598 Spadina avenue.

The sudden death of Mr. Lachlan McKellar, of Wellesley street, was a cruel shock to his family and many friends. Mr. McKellar was a comparatively young man, not yet fifty years of age, and it appears to me that on the evening before his death, his family party were among the brightest participants in the merry assembly at the Pavilion, so that the sad event came as a bolt from the blue to their loving hearts. Much sympathy is sent to them, who will pass the festive week in the desolation of sudden mourning.

Mrs. Charles Rutan, widow of the late Rev. Charles Rutan, has taken rooms in Sherbourne street, No. 609, where she will be glad to see her friends.

Mrs. J. A. Paterson, of Walmer road, gave a progressive euchre on Thursday, December 13, in honor of "les fiancées," Miss Frances Dignam and Sir John van Hoogen-

houck Tulken. Sir John's p.p.c. cards had said au revoir to the many friends he has made in Toronto, as he has been recalled to Holland.

The Home for Incurable Children in Avenue Road has been prevented by a case of diphtheria from admitting several new members. Through the epidemic the expenses have been much increased, and the ladies of the board would be extra grateful to those who would help by their donations to make the eight inmates some Christmas cheer. Mrs. W. S. Lee and Mrs. Gzowski are, I think, two energetic workers in this good cause.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt gave the second of her afternoon teas last Monday week—a violet and lily tea, most dainty and fragrant. The pianola was again in evidence, and a number of ladies enjoyed it immensely.

Mrs. Wallbridge suffered much disappointment on learning that her son has resigned his place in the second contingent, and will probably remain in South Africa. A big reception was to have been given in his honor by Mrs. Wallbridge this month.

A very smart and distinguished guest at Mrs. Hugh Macdonald's tea was Mrs. David Macpherson, who wore a lovely gown and toque with palest blue tulle trimmings. Mrs. Macpherson is tall and most graceful, always being charmingly gowned, and very much admired.

Mrs. Charles Sheard gave a very pleasant tea on December 6, at her home in Jarvis street, to a large party of friends. Mrs. Stanton and Miss Fisher, of Chatham, assisted the hostess, and the tea was a pronounced success.

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Oceana, a Grateful Soul

By GRACE E. DENISON.

BONESVILLE was a united community. When any member received news of any sort, it was the custom to circulate it by an established route. The receiver told the postmaster, or maybe the postmaster's wife, and as each loafer, patron of the annexed shop, or borrower (everyone borrowed from everyone in Bonesville, and no one ever had all his cash or her household possessions in his or her own keeping) came through the doorway, they were solemnly greeted with the news, if it were sad, or hilariously hailed and jocularly "put next" if joyous. Every May, for eleven years, the postmaster had announced, with cheerful resignation, "Well, Simon Clinger's wife's got another," which had been such an affair-of-course that only a languid inquiry, "girl or boy?" greeted the news. Clinger was a saddler, who drank, and raved, and fathered eleven tow-headed little Clingers, to the annoyance and under the protests of all Bonesville.

One November morning, when the little panes of the post-office windows were white with frost, the postmaster leaned over the counter, impressively. "Old Miss Ford's gal is coming on the 9.30," he said. The two women who, with shawled heads, had bounced in and slammed the door on a "norther" from the mountain pass, shivered convulsively. "For the lan's sake!" and brooded over the stove a moment in enjoyment of the warmth and the new tidings. "Postcard?" said Bet Boone.

"Yep. From the Children's Home. Here it is!" and perching his spectacles at the proper angle, the postmaster read. "Oceana will be sent to Bonesville to your care on Tuesday. Please meet the train arriving at 9.30 p.m. The girl will be in care of the conductor," and then turning over the card, he impressively continued, "Miss Mary Ford, Bonesville, Michigan," and there you are!

When the 9.30 snorted into the station, crowned with snow and belching a cloud of steam, all the female, and most of the male population of Bonesville were awaiting it, neither blinking their curiosity nor excusing it. They wanted to see "Miss Ford's gal," whose advent was a new departure. No one in Bonesville kept a "gal" except the postmistress and the reeve, and both their girls were farmers' daughters from the neighborhood, who were practical owners of their domain, and indeed of the souls of their mistresses as well. Domestic service had no dread for the high-minded female youth of Bonesville. In that primitive town the char-lady and the wash-lady wore their titles deservedly. Therefore, when Mrs. Ford, the widow who bore the name of being the "very stingiest ever," sent to a neighboring city for a bondmaid from the Home, there were shakings of heads and voluminous sighs from every motherly soul, and many were the fervent wishes that the expected "gal" might be of warlike tendencies and keenly alive to her own rights. A tiny little creature of perhaps thirteen years stood on the platform, the conductor's lantern lighting her pale face, blue eyes, and soft, short golden curls. "Miss Ford around?" shouted the stalwart blue-coat, and Bonesville collapsed. "Here I be," said the widow, and Bonesville made a lane for her approach. She took the little being by the hand and helped her down the icy steps, and led her through the ranks of her gaping fellow-townsmen, to her lonely house on the outskirts. All that was said was probably summed up in the exclamation of Bet Boone, who remarked, "Poor gal! Well, don't that beat all?"

Bonesville, and particularly Simon Clinger, cast many a rueful thought at the child whom "Miss Ford" had apprenticed. They saw her in church, sitting beside the widow, with downcast eyes, as she was ordered to do; they saw her toiling back and forth from the coal shop, with a bushel of coal, speechless to their enquiries, as she was ordered to be, but sending a shy, sweet, quivering smile at them, and hastening on, as she was ordered to hasten. Bonesville grew weary of scheming and plotting to induce "Miss Ford" to let Oceana take tea with its little daughters and coast with its small boys. Then gradually, Bonesville, worn upon by the widow's stern uncompromising, began to look through her eyes at Oceana, and to despise and condemn the charity child. All that is to say, by Simon Clinger. That curious individual, whose dimmed eyes failed to recognize his own children sometimes, always saw Oceana, and many a lit he gave to her basket of coal, many a small screw of peppermints he thrust into her timid hand, and many a quick smile rose to her pale face as he said, "Good-bye, Oceana. Things will change. You keep a-going; things will change." Something did change, as the youth of Bonesville began to remark. When Oceana, dutifully walking two steps behind her mistress, as she had been ordered to walk, entered the meeting-house, in her rough boots, her hideous "dip" hat, and her hunchy jacket, not all the squalor of her attire could dim the rosy lips, the creamy skin, the heavenly blue eyes, nor the golden glory of her curly hair. Oceana was changing from a pale, ethereal child into a lovely young woman. Four years after she came to Bonesville, it was the youths who connived to get on Mrs. Ford's amiable side, and their sisters who sneered at them for admiring "the poor-house girl," as they jealously called her. Even Bonesville resented her persistent courage and her masterful buoyancy and health. Simon Clinger never spoke to her now—she spoke to him; deferentially and humbly, and in rank defiance of her mistress, she always enquired for his health, and that of the patient woman and her eleven tow-heads. One day there was a row in the Clinger abode. The eldest daughter flouted "Miss Ford's poor-house girl." Simon sat silent. He knew the root of the remark. Then the next child, a boy, added a surly and insulting comment, and Simon calmly reached down a long leather thong from a nail, and encircled the shoulders of his son and heir with it, so many times and with so much vigor that the other ten of his progeny fled to the garret, and waited in breathless amazement for the finish. Mrs. Clinger finding it difficult to get them down again to their supper. "Dad's off!" was the eldest girl's

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only comment, as Simon sat at the end of the table and glared at the trembling ten, while the wife smuggled the best of the meal to the sobbing son in the workshop. At the close of that strained hour, Mrs. Clinger completed the amazement of the ten by marching up to her husband and giving him a sudden kiss. "You were always a gentleman," she said, fervently.

When the time came for Oceana's bondage to end, Mrs. Ford grew uneasy in her mind. She had oppressed the child, worked the girl mercilessly, and the worse she treated her the better the victim looked. She did not starve her, for she dreaded having her ill upon her hands, and after a diet of milk and cornmeal, Oceana had once fallen ill, but she so cramped her days with rules and regulations, and so hectorated and domineered that only a girl of the calm philosophy of Oceana could have endured it. It was in some such time of strenuous and unreasonable oppression that Oceana would make an errand between the Clinger house and the hotel, where Simon might be usually encountered. Then, by some queer magnetism he was sure to be passing, and she would make her pretty enquiries, and he would say, "You keep a-going, Oceana, things will surely change," and she would go back with "the strength of ten" to her bondage. Mrs. Ford watched the hours which intervened between the slavery of to-day and that dread to-morrow when Oceana could make up her little bundle of clothing, draw the tiny sum in the savings bank, exacted by the Terms of Indenture to be put to her credit each year, and walk out of Bonesville and her vicinity forever. In her dislike to lose her, Mrs. Ford began to wonder how she could keep her—not by money, for, patient as Oceana was, Mrs. Ford suspected her sure memory of every petty tyranny; but into the miserly widow's mind there came and festered and grew so low and base a thought, put there by the story of the Clinger boy's elation, that Mephisto himself would have blushed at it. Hereafter, Oceana's shopping and coal-carrying were all ordered to be done after dark. Neighbors saw her flitting by late at night, men accosted her, and the hoodlums of the saloon lay in wait for her. All this Simon Clinger saw and understood. So it happened that when Oceana came scurrying down the hillside by night to fill her coal-oil can or her coal basket, she generally found Mrs. Clinger and her "man" on like errand bent, and they walked to the gate of the lone cottage with her afterwards. Mrs. Clinger was an ex-school teacher, with a quiet voice and a long head, and the sorry chance which had sent her into the embrace of Simon and the residence in Bonesville had well-nigh broken her courage into despair. With the advent of Oceana she seemed to take a new interest in, if not a hold on, life. She thought much of the girl, and sometimes spoke recently to her husband of her. One day she said, "When Oceana's time is up, I wonder if she'd come and visit here a bit?" To which Simon, being "broody" after many libations, made no reply. Then Mrs. Clinger fell ill, with one of those sudden, appalling seizures of lungs and heart called pleurisy. It was one month to the date of Oceana's release from servitude, when, hurrying down the dim street at night with an oil-can in her hand, she collided with Simon, running another way.

Involuntarily she stopped and began, timidly, "How's Mrs. Clinger?" when from the corner darted her mistress, and seized her arm.

"So I've caught you!" she cried loudly. "This is why you won't go out in daylight. This is the sort of girl you are, loafing round with every drunken vagabond who'll notice you. Get home with you. Give me that oil-can! I'll send you back to the Home to-morrow, for I'll not shelter a misbehaving charity girl in my house." The encounter took place just outside the saloon door, and the widow's loud words brought out the loafers to gaze and stare. "Get along home with you," continued Mrs. Ford, in tones of righteous indignation. "Is it any wonder every one points at you? I've known for many a day that you were a sly one; now I've caught you."

The loafers edged nearer. Simon slipped away, and the charity girl fled up the hill in sudden terror. Near the top she met the saddler. "Come to our place. The wife is very ill," he said; "the young ones are all to sixes and sevens. I'm going for the doctor. You can stop with us, Oceana, and nurse the wife."

And so, in her working frock and shawled head, Oceana went to the saddler's home, three or four dingy rooms over his shop, and the Widow Ford got her own supper. In the later evening, Mrs. Ford told the postmaster's wife that she had suspected Oceana of wrong-doing, had watched her meeting with some man, and had ordered her home, but that the girl had run away, and she would never allow her back. "Now," said this arch-plotter to herself, "maybe she'll be glad enough to stay, if I allow her to do so."

The beauty of Oceana, to which everyone had grown accustomed, was in all minds; her rashness in provoking Mrs. Ford was discussed vigorously, and the question as to the identity of her "man" was raised, with many suggestions. Simon's son told of a sewing-machine agent who had asked her name, and an organ peddler had been heard to say she

would break the record in Grand Rapids. By the time the postmaster came to put up the shutters, Oceana was making history last in the mouths of all Bonesville. Therefore Bonesville got more or less of a shock next morning when Oceana and a couple of small Clingers came to the shop for linseed meal and various other things.

"Say, Ocy, where you bin all night?" asked the postmistress.

"Watching Mrs. Clinger, ma'am; she's real sick, and would you give me the linseed quick, please? She'll be needing another hot poultice."

Bonesville got this news promptly, and there occurred a sudden veering of feeling which resembled a "norther" to the Widow Ford when she entered the store.

"Oceana's down to Clinger's," announced one woman.

"Mrs. Clinger's powerful sick," cried another.

Bet Boone walked over to Mrs. Ford. "See here, widow," she said, warningly, "you want to tie up your tongue. The town knows you, and the town knows Oceana. Do you think we're all heathen gods, with eyes not seeing and ears not hearing?"

"I don't want ever to hear that girl's name," snapped Mrs. Ford, sullenly.

"Well, stay at home, and you won't," said Bet Boone, laughing. "They're telling that Oceana's going to court you for what you said of her on the roadway last night, and you having money, she'll probably set her damages high."

Mrs. Ford paled. Her money was her life. "I said what I saw," she stammered. "She did meet a man."

"She met Simon Clinger, and he told her his wife was ill. That's no crime," said the postmistress, sharply.

"I think she'll fix her damages at five hundred dollars, from what I hear," said Bet Boone, seriously. "You can't ruin a girl's name, even an orphan charity girl; not in Bonesville, you can't even try to, Mrs. Ford."

Mrs. Ford went slowly home, her letter to the Charity in her pocket.

Then, Mary Clinger slipped out of a life of hardship and pain into whatever peaceful place the good Lord provides for much-oppressed womanhood. Oceana scrubbed the house, the children, Simon's Sunday blacks, and polished his boots and brushed his hat. Her cheeks were flushed with exertion, and her eyes shone with excitement, and when Widow Ford opened the door of the living-room and stepped in, she confronted a radiant Hebe, with a mop in one hand and a pail in the other.

"Oceana," said Mrs. Ford, lamely, "I didn't mean it."

"Oh, yes, you did," said Oceana, setting down her burdens. "Bet Boone says it's worth any lawyer's while to risk courting you for it. But you mustn't keep me. Want to see Mrs. Clinger?"

Mrs. Ford meekly assented and Oceana opened a tiny door into a wee room, where, on a clean but meagre bed, lay the silent form. Simon sat by the window, looking mournfully into the garden.

"Mrs. Ford," Oceana said solemnly. "She wants to see Mrs. Clinger."

"Well, she may, but Oceana, don't say anything that will spoil your case. You know what the lawyer said. Wait till the writ is served on her."

Mrs. Ford gasped. "Do you want to ruin me?"

"If she does, ain't it just what you wanted to do to her? Two can play the game," said Simon, impartially and indifferently.

Mrs. Ford walked out. "Look here, Oceana, I didn't mean it. Of course you're a good girl. Look here, Oceana, I've only got a thousand dollars in the Trusts. It's all I have for old age. Look here, Oceana, I'll give you a hundred, and there's your twenty in the savings bank, and I'll write to the Home that you've left me with my consent to befriend a neighbor, if you'll just let the matter drop and leave the lawyer at home."

"Write to the Home," said Oceana, quietly.

So Mrs. Ford wrote, extolling Oceana and explaining her change of residence. Then she gave her savings bank pass-book and one hundred dollars she had just drawn from her own account, whereupon Oceana, having posted the letter and deposited the money, agreed to drop all action at law. How Bonesville laughed when Simon told these things, and how they smiled on Oceana, and how the girls quarrelled to sit beside her in church, and the boys experienced pangs of remorse and jealousy of one another. But Oceana minded none of these things. She made herself very much at home among the eleven children, until the surly boy was her bondsman and the slighting girl her adoring maid in waiting. With kindling eye and blushing cheek she accepted the murmured thanks of Simon, and when, some months later, he asked her if she thought she could do him the favor of stopping on with him forever, she simply said, "Well, you were the only one that was good to me in all Bonesville, so it's not much of a favor to ask. I like the children, and they like me. I suppose you mean to marry me, and I think I'm a pretty lucky girl if you do." All this with the heartiest goodwill and happiness, for Oceana, whatever else she lacked, said Bonesville, had a grateful soul.

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Social and Personal.

On Wednesday evening a brilliant event occurred at Dundonald, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mackay, when was celebrated the marriage of Miss Leila Mackay and Dr. Ivan Senkler of Vancouver. Rev. Dr. Parsons officiated, and the ceremony took place at half-past eight o'clock, being performed in the east drawing-room, which was transformed by a terrace of palms and stands of white flowers into a bower of beauty. The bride wore a rich white satin gown, with Watteau train and guimpe of finely tucked chiffon, and trimmings of Carrickmacross lace, with strands of pearls. A crown of orange-blossoms and a tulle veil, hemmed with seed pearls, with a round bouquet of lily of the valley set in a point lace frill, completed the bride's costume. Miss Elise Clark, cousin of the bride, was her maid of honor, in a lovely pale blue crepe de chene dress, with gold belt and court veil and feathers, in which she was perfectly charming. Miss Blaikie and Miss Brouse were bridesmaids, in soft white crepe de chene, chiffon and lace gowns, with folded bodices, gold belts and court veils and feathers, vastly becoming to these petite ladies. The bouquets were all of odoriferous American Beauty roses, and each maid wore a crescent of pearls, gifts of the groom. Dr. Senkler of St. Paul was best man, and the ushers were Mr. J. Gordon Mackay, twin brother of the bride, and Mr. Sydney Larratt Smith. The guests bidden to the ceremony only included the relatives and a few intimate friends, but at nine o'clock a stream of guests began to arrive for the reception, which lasted for nearly an hour, after which the bridal party sat down to a charming dejeuner at a beautifully decorated round table in a small apartment reserved for them, and the guests were either seated at quartette tables or served from the buffet, which was very stately with a huge centerpiece of glass, silver and flowers, and loaded with good things. After the bridegroom and bride's healths were duly honored, and the bridegroom had said something apt in recognition, the bride, preceded by the piper in his full regalia, went to make ready for the voyage. Richardson and his pipes were a truly national touch to the gay scene, and the stalwart piper enjoyed the affair and the enthusiasm with which he was greeted. Presently, amid showers of confetti, red, white and blue, the sound strains of the orchestra, and cheers and singing of "Just One Girl" by scores of mellow voices, Mrs. Senkler appeared at the turn of the stairs, radiant and handsome, in her red traveling gown and long coat, opening over a touch of white and gold and black, and her bright eyes glowing under a toque of ruby velvet and fur. Very sweet and happy she looked, as, kissed and cheered and blessed, she came slowly down, between the lines of laughing friends, who were ranged up the stairway, the confetti raining on her pretty dark hair and her lips—a picture, indeed, good to remember when she is far away. A rousing cheer and a clatter of horses' hoofs, and Dr. and Mrs. Senkler were whirled away from Dundonald. The strains of the pipes once more sounded, and a reel o' Tulloch was quickly formed and danced, with much laughing and many shouts from the big major and the thin yachtsman who led the merry reel. The bride's book was signed, too, a new feature this season, and the exquisite gifts, filling a large room upstairs, to be admired. The family group, Mrs. Mackay in a lovely gray brocade, the bodice smothered in exquisite lace, and touched with turquoise velvet; Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, in green, veiled in white lace; Mrs. Mortimer Clark, in silver-gray satin; Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, in a splendid canary brocade satin, with chiffon ruffles and lace, and their daughters, Miss Bessie Macdonald, in white satin and silver; Miss Jean Mortimer Clark, in white satin, and pretty little Miss Alexander, in a sweet blue frock, with her lovely brown curls floating on her shoulders, were a picture indeed. But all the gowns were of the most sumptuous. Mrs. Wyld wore black velvet, jet and lace. Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn wore dove gray, with some rare lace, and jewels. Everyone was rejoicing with her on the speedy return of her son from the front. Mrs. Thomas Tait, winsome and sparkling, wore a lovely French gown. Mrs. R. A. Harrison wore pink silk, veiled in rich black lace, and many frills of pink silk and chiffon. Mrs. Murray Alexander wore white, with touches of ruby velvet. Mrs. W. H. Beatty, an exquisite gray satin, brocade with black; Mrs. G. W. Ross, black satin, and Mrs. Arthur W. Ross, a dainty pale green and white brocade, with pale pink velvet and silver embroidery. Mrs. Armstrong Black was lovely in pink, and Mrs. J. B. McLean, the bride, wore a stunning French gown of satin and jewels. Mrs. W. R. Brock wore a rich black satin gown, brocade with small roses. Mrs. Creelman wore an exquisite heliotrope brocade satin and lace bertha. Mrs. Henry Cawthra wore a sumptuous gray brocade satin. The lovely big rooms of Dundonald never saw a more distinguished and elegant company than that of Wednesday evening, nor were ever wafted after a departing pair more earnest good wishes. Everyone felt, however, that sense of loss which comes when our bright and popular maidens leave for some distant home. Mrs. Senkler will, unfortunately, go to the extreme limit of the continent, and after a honeymoon in Southern California will reside in Vancouver, where a hearty welcome is awaiting her.

In South Africa, attached to the Royal Lancasters, is an officer well known in Toronto and remembered by many warm friends, Captain Laurie, who is taking his share of hardships with good Irish pluck.

Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson's afternoon reception was a brilliant affair on Thursday. Mrs. Mortimer Clark gives a large reception this afternoon.

Mrs. E. J. Walker of London, Ont., is spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Rose avenue.

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One of the sights of Toronto in these busy days is certainly the beautiful store of the Publishers' Syndicate (Limited), 7 and 8 King street east. From morning until night the large floor space, with its numerous tables and dainty bookcases, is thronged with shoppers, seeking amid the wealth of charming volumes for the presents they wish to give. It has become "the mode" to go to the Syndicate for what one may need in books, and since the new store was opened, three months ago, thousands of Toronto people have visited it and found delight in an inspection of its stock. People like to meet there, for waiting is no task in such surroundings, and a half-hour cannot pass without giving one some new and interesting idea of the latest and most pleasant thing in books.

Toronto has a reputation as a center of culture, and this reputation is emphasized by the existence and prosperity of such an establishment as the store of the Publishers' Syndicate. Few cities in America—none, indeed, outside of New York and Boston—can boast of a bookshop carrying so complete and varied a stock of all that is best in literature. The Christmas books scattered upon its tables are marvelous in their beauty and value. Rare editions—de-luxe, fine volumes of pictures, exquisite bindings, admirable printing—all these are there, while there is no book of fiction, biography, science or art that may not there be found. The latest novel, the newest book on any subject, the pastels of Christy, the sketches of Gibson, the drawings of Dante, Gabriel, Rossetti—ask for these or for anything else in literature, and you will find it in its newest form and daintiest dress.

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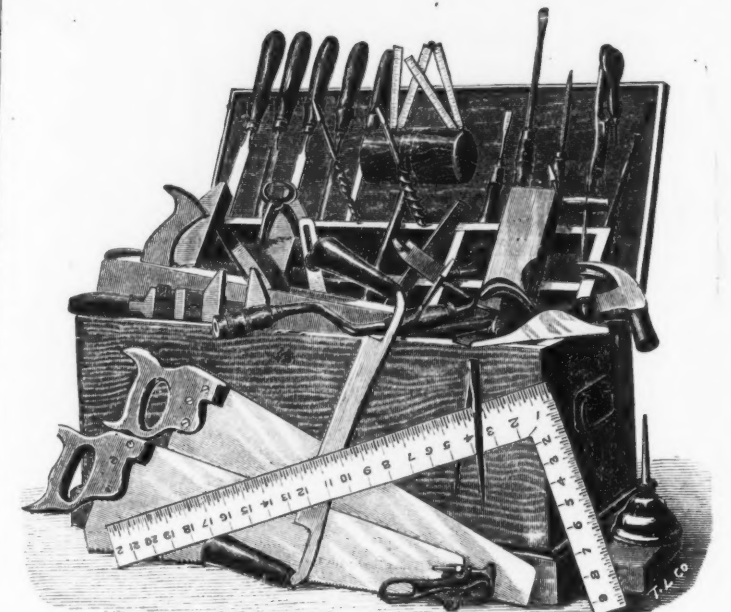
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Brouse and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. W. H. Brouse, gave a large tea in St. George's Hall on Saturday last, from half-past four to seven o'clock. The hostesses received at the entrance of that charming wainscotted room which has seen so many bright gatherings of Toronto's beau monde. Mrs. Brouse in a rich black gown, lightened with delicate white lace, and Mrs. W. H. Brouse in pale green, with black paillettes. Miss Fannie Brouse, in a dainty white and blue silk frock, with Miss Violet Gooderham, Miss Joan Arnoldi, Miss Erie Temple, Miss Buck and Miss Helen Armstrong, were kept very busy looking after the guests and seeing that everyone partook of the many good things on the pretty tea-table, which was beautifully decorated in pink roses and soft green gauze and lighted with pink-shaded candles. Behind a screen of palms and ferns, on the dais, D'Alessandro's harp made sweetest music during the afternoon, and as the crowd began to thin the young folks took advantage of the excellent music and floor to enjoy a little dance by way of closing a very jolly afternoon. The young hero from South Africa, Mr. Hellwell, was one of the most observed among their ranks, and it is difficult to realize what experiences he and his returning comrades have gone through since last season's gay doings. Mrs. David Macpherson, tall and graceful, was much admired in a smart gown and white turban. Miss Marion Barker proudly wore in her gray velvet hat the beautiful white ostrich plumes sent out to her by her hero-brother last summer. Miss Birdie Warren, who is quite too fetching in her military jacket, braided in gold on the blue and opening over a white vest, is much consoled with that her brave brother is not also to spend Christmas with his own people. She brought her bright Buffalo guest to the tea, at which the usual smart people were present. Mrs. McLeod of St. George street, in a lovely gown, was one of the new residents who graced Saturday's tea. Mrs. Macbray and Mrs. McKinnon were very beautifully gowned as usual. Those three jolly sisters (nees Coldham), Mesdames Suddam, Douglas and Barnard, were also among the guests, with their husbands in attendance. Mrs. Young, from Stanley Barracks; Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Miss and Mr. James Burnham, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Major Stimson, Mr. Charles Beardmore, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Miss Grace Peters, Mr. and Mrs. McDowell Thomson, Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Miss Jennings, Mrs. and Mr. Burke, the Misses Dawson, Mr. Bunting, Miss Jessie Rowand, in a stunning crimson cloth gown and velvet hat with white plumes; Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason were a few of those present.

The many friends of Major and Mrs. Boyce Thompson will be glad to learn that they have arrived, with their young son and daughter, in San Francisco, after an extensive trip through British Columbia and the Western States of Washington and Oregon. After Christmas they will journey south to Los Angeles, and later on intend visiting the beautiful island of Catalina, in the Pacific Ocean. At present they are en pension at Hotel Oliver, corner of Mason and Pine streets, San Francisco.

The death of Miss Evelyn Durand, who took part in the last Greek play which was given in the Princess Theater some years ago, occurred with strange chance just when rehearsals and talk of the play recently presented at the Grand were recalling the former cast to all minds. Miss Durand had been away for her health for a long time, and her sister, Miss Laura Durand, had been her devoted attendant.

Several smart dinner parties have been recently given, and though next week is largely given to family reunions, two of considerable éclat are to be given in honor of visitors in town for the vacation.

Mrs. James Sinclair, 76 Wellesley street, will receive after New Year on the first and third Mondays, instead of Fridays, as formerly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Coburn and their little daughter, of Walkerville, and Mr. and Mrs. Norwood M. Lash of Montreal will spend Christmas week in Toronto with Mr. and Mrs. John F. Lash.

On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Riddell gave a lovely dinner of a dozen covers, at which the always perfect taste of the hostess was shown in the delicate beauty of the table, all green and white, with odoriferous lily of the valley as the chosen flower, with pale green ribbons and a central basket of the fair flowers resting in billows of white tulle.

Mrs. W. D. Matthews gave a young folks' euchre party on Saturday evening, at which the bride and groom of last month, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Oser, were the guests of honor. After the game Mr. Drummond, Dr. Laing and Miss Ethel Matthews sang some most appreciated songs. Miss Matthews leaves shortly for the South, where she will be accompanied, I conjecture, by her clever little guest of the past autumn, Miss Buckle.

Shea's has, as usual, appealed to society this week, and by an unusually clever number, the impersonations of the Italian Blondi. His marvelous changes are not his only claim on the applause which greeted him, but the fact that in each impersonation he so thoroughly entered into the spirit of the part. The unutterably careless waiter, the self-satisfied policeman, the jealous old wife, the giddy husband and the mischievous demi-mondaine were all distinct and faithful types. As for the various conductors of orchestra, with the exception of one or two, he was absolutely marvelous in their reproduction. The venerable List, the energetic Wagner, the lamented and monocular Englishman, Arthur Sullivan; the impassioned young Mascagni, the dignified Verdi, were really well

worth going to see. As for John Philip Sousa, "nolr comme le diable," Signor Blondi didn't look to my eyes at all "nolr" enough. Among the audience on Tuesday evening were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beatty, Mr. McMurray, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts, Miss Ravenshaw, Mr. G. W. Ross, Jr., Miss Kate Ross, Mr. G. Winio Nicholl, Mr. and Mrs. A. Burritt.

Everyone who enjoys a really well-done little play should see When We Were Twenty-one, which is here for the end of this week at the Grand. Each of the actors is an artist, and each exactly suits the role assumed. The headstrong, indulgent English boy of twenty-one and his three old foster-daddies and step-foster-daddy, the rummest of little English lords, are life studies.

The German Conversation Club meets this evening at Rowanwood, the home of the President, in Macpherson avenue.

A very neat, pretty and interesting card has been issued by the trustees and manager of the Massey Music Hall, "with all good wishes," as a souvenir of the Winston Churchill lecture on December 29. The picture of Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P., in his rough rider hat, adorns the inner page, announcing "The War As I Saw It."

Miss Rae of St. Alban street gave a tea on Thursday afternoon. Last Friday Mrs. William Mackenzie welcomed a small coterie for afternoon tea, in honor of charming Mrs. Reeves of Montreal, who was a guest at Benvenuto until yesterday, when she returned home for Christmas. Mrs. Reeves is to return for a time early in the year to Toronto.

The engagement of Miss Ethel Ellis, daughter of Professor Ellis, and Mr. Archie Crooks is announced this week.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club will give a ball in the Pavilion on the evening of January 11. It is hoped that the Governor-General and Lady Minto in attendance. The event, and Colonel Otter and the returned heroes from South Africa have cabled their acceptance of the invitation of the Yacht Club for that evening. Ex-Commodore Boswell is the chairman of the Ball Committee, and the committee rooms are at 53 King street east. The tickets are limited to 650—two hundred less than last time, when the committee were in addition obliged to refuse one hundred and twenty applicants for tickets. The deduction from these facts is so plain that no comment is required.

Mrs. G. Allen Case has gone away for a short sojourn at Danville.

Mrs. Prince, who was for a time the guest of Mrs. E. F. Johnston, has taken up house at 11 Spadina road, where many old friends have been glad to welcome her.

Miss Muriel Church of Ottawa came down from Guelph, where she was visiting her sister, Mrs. Hamilton, and spent a few days in town this week. After the vacation Miss Church will return and visit Mrs. Magann, at Thorncliffe.

WHAT

Henrik Steffens

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Is still the headquarters for slippers.

The most glorious lines ever shown the public.

Up-to-the-minute styles, all the old standards and new, exclusive designs—surpassing all our former displays.

Slippers for men of greatest ease and luxury that bring the joys of home back to the wandering masculine heart, and compel men to forget boon companions and clubs, and to be happy by their own firesides and among those who love them.

Men's Opera Slippers, Tan and Black Kid, at \$1.00
Men's Opera Slippers, Tan and Black Dongola Kid at 1.25
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Men's Opera, Everett and Harvard Black and Chocolate Kid Slippers, turn soles, white kid lined, at \$1.75, \$2.00, 2.50

Romeo Slippers

Men's Chocolate and Black Dongola Romeo Slippers, elastic sides, at \$1.50
Men's Patent Leather and Chocolate Kid Romeo Slippers, turn soles, elastic sides, at 2.00

Patent Leather Shoes

Men's Patent Leather Evening Shoes, at \$1.50 and 2.00
Men's Patent Leather Pump, turn soles, at 2.50
Men's Patent Calf Dress Oxford Shoes at 3.00
Men's Patent Kid Dress Shoes, cloth tops, at 3.50
Men's Patent Leather Dress Congress Shoes, elastic sides, 4.00
Men's Patent Leather Walking Boots, at \$4.00, \$4.50 and 5.00
Men's Patent Kid Lace and Button Boots, the kind that don't crack, at 6.00

Let the ladies make Christmas presents of our slippers to their "Lords of Creation" if they would keep them indoors during the Winter nights, and render their men folks' healthy, wealthy and wise."

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We have the very best French, English and American Perfumes, suitably done up for Xmas presents. Also Land-painted French sachets. Fashionable Hair Dressing. Appointments should be made in advance. Our face massage and steaming treatment, with electrical appliance, cannot be surpassed. Try it, \$1.00 per treatment or 6 for \$5.00. We give the best manicure, Ladies' Hair, Gents' Hair, 25c. J. TRANCE ARMAND & CO., 441 Yonge cor. Carlton St., Toronto, Ont. Telephone 2498.

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and hundreds of art objects too numerous to mention. Also a very rare collection of Elizabethan Carved Black Oak, including Chairs, Tables, Buffets, Dower and Robe Chests, etc., etc.

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The newest odors from 20c. a bottle to \$5.00

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Useful Ebony Toilet Articles and Manicure Pieces at 40c. and 50c. each.

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43 and 45 King Street West

"Open all day Sunday." Phone, 53

The Madonna of the Nursing Bottle.

A Christmas Extravaganza.

By ANITA FITCH.

THOUGH he had reached the somewhat faded age of forty, in a big, irregular, heavy way, the Rev. Percy Blythote was still what the French term an *assez beau garçon*. His girly, if now the point of some mental disfigurement, was not yet a matter for tears; bachelorhood still sat upon his mop of boyish dark curls with a certain grace, and his blue eyes were as beautiful as ever. And since eloquence of speech had been denied him, it may as well be admitted here that the Rev. Percy's handsome eyes were his chief stock-in-trade.

For the rest, in his dull, earnest fashion, he was accounted a good preacher, rather poor company for dinner, and, in a marriageable way, an excellent thing.

The accident of birth had placed the gentleman at the head of one of New York's most fashionable tabernacles, the Church of Sanctification, and for ten years, of that earth held dear, the Rev. Percy had worn the trust nearest to his heart. Up to forty the star of his popularity still rode in the bluest sky, and his high reputation for spiritual excellence was without a blemish.

He was still the cherished recipient of much tender solicitude on the part of the fairer portion of his congregation, and that admirable infant charity, the Home for Abandoned Innocents, of which he was the brilliant founder, had brought him praise from all countries of the world.

But even the best of us must have detractors, and sickening accidents may come to the most holy of men; and in a dark and fatal hour it was decreed that, for a moment, the Rev. Percy's fair fame was to fall below zero.

The thing had come about through two events occurring simultaneously—the fact that the excellent gentleman had at this belated day fallen for the first time in love, and changed his place of residence from Fifth avenue to a mean little apartment on West Fifty-seventh street.

This renunciation of the benefits of life had been in the name of Christian abnegation. And in taking the thing in his own hands the Rev. Percy had defied his vestry to prove that the course had not been pointed out to him by all the teachings of the Blessed Book. But for some contrary reason—perhaps because it was against all Episcopal tradition—there were those who received the intelligence of the move with the thumb to the nose, so to speak; and, worst of all, the very dazzling widow upon whom the good man was turning his blue eyes had informed him coolly that it was almost too romantic to seem admirable.

It was at a cake fair in the basement chamber of the Church of Sanctification that she had poured this cruelty upon him. Adorned by the very latest kinks of fashion, ravishing with Titian hair and the pale greys that had succeeded her weeds of grief, the fair one had said her say from behind the booth it was her duty to serve; and, big and wistful in his clerical overcoat, which became him to perfection, the poor shepherd had listened at the other side with the air of a naughty boy being scolded by his mamma.

"What!" had cried the lady; "you expect me to approve of a house where you open the front door with a crank, and dumb-waiters run all night? Sir, you ask too much! I should rather say—and here she eyed him with a singular irony—"that you were growing foolish in your old age."

"In more ways than one, I admit," returned the minister, with admirable good nature. "But why does my move seem to you so remarkable? Did not Peter—"

"Oh," cried the lady, with rippling laughter, "do not, I pray you, compare yourself to those dear, tiresome people. When you live in Rome, etc. But really—and she gravely flipped a speck from a sugar-washed temple adorned with a young Christmas tree—"really, you know, it reminds me of a Hawthorne story, the Minister with the Black Veil."

"How?" asked the Rev. Percy, all unconscious, in his innocence, of the bomb that awaited him.

"Why, don't you know? After years and years he gave up the world and the honor of his peers, as it were, because of some secret sin. What was yours, my good friend? Fear not; confess—and be sure of absolution in advance." And she smiled upon the miserable man divinely.

"Mrs. Caringford," began the Rev. Percy, and then stopped. For tears, undeniable tears, had choked his utterance; and in a moment, his excuses pitifully transparent, he hurried away, his great heart bleeding, and in the first temper of his life.

Cynthia, for this was the cruel one's baptismal name, grinned as he went. Then she said "Um!" and summoning an angel of the fold to take her place at the booth, she declared the intention of going home to "rest up" for Marcia Van Dusen's Christmas party, which was coming off that night. With rich skirts spread, the fair one then swam out to her carriage; and following her serene lead, Mr. Blythote likewise sought escape from his annoyance in precipitate flight from the cake market.

As he reached the outer church door he caught the last swish of his lady's train, disappearing with poignant elegance into her brougham.

"Alas!" he reflected, "who would believe that under that fair exterior there lurks a heart that would shame a Zulu chief!"

And setting out afoot upon his homeward journey, his large feet meeting the pavement with the springing step that suited his somewhat athletic physique, the grateful realization came

that he had not yet declared his passion. He was still free of woman's hampering, of her whims and follies; and breathing his umbrella against the flying snow, he enjoyed the sudden surety of his bachelorhood, knowing that now, indeed, there would be no impediment to the rigid life of denial he had resolved upon.

All the same, the thing had been a bitter disappointment. The move the heartless one had treated in so jocular a vein had been brought about by the most serious reflection. It was, indeed, a mortification of the flesh, and had been so intended; and that one on whom he had pinned all his hopes for encouragement should run the solemn matter into the ridiculous light of melodrama was a cruelty the good man had scarcely expected.

He had come to that turning-point of self-examination when he could see that a downy nest on Fifth avenue was scarcely the thing the Master had intended for the keeper of His sheep. His soul had yearned that his body might be beaten by the winds, and a dwelling with a dumb-waiter, and a crank to open the front door had been the only scourge civilization could offer his humility. The renunciation had been without pain, and the flashpots of the world no longer sent forth appetizing odors. But the heart within him had cried out for the approval of one being—one dear, frivolous butterfly; and had all the world denied it, he had been content had Cynthia but said the word—Cynthia, who could be so wondrously winsome upon occasions!

"Thy will be done!" said the brooding clergyman at last; in these simple and reverent words telling his heart that it must renounce the erring Cynthia forever.

With much serious thought the good man dined modestly at a humble restaurant in a by-street, and leaning forth into the night with a lighted cigar, the one luxury he now allowed himself, he stopped for a moment to admire the dazzling scene.

The snow had ceased, and, spangled with stars, the sky of night shone forth in all its glory. Above some pointed roof-tops a young moon hung like a silver boat; and near by the Dipper, the drinking-cup of heaven, held forth its jeweled handle. It was, indeed, a picture sublime enough to take any man's thought from earthly trifles, and as the Rev. Percy stood he felt himself washed through with peace.

A cringing mendicant passed, with appealing brown eyes, and he emptied his purse into the fellow's hand, with a devout "God be with you."

"It is indeed for you, my friend," he added, for, almost appalled at such munificence, the ragged one stood open-mouthed. "It is Christmas Eve; rejoice, and turn over a new leaf." And the good man went on again.

He experienced a swelling approval in this charity, though applied in a manner contrary to the ethics of his Church; and as he placed his latchkey in the door of the dingy mansion he called his home, he prayed heaven to heap the cares of others upon him, little knowing how soon and in what astounding fashion his petition was to be answered.

As he mounted the last flight of stairs that led to his third story the good gentleman was made aware, by a glad exclamation, that a female figure stood before his door. Even in the dim light he realized that she was a person of elegance, though a blue cloak muffled her clumsily from crown to heel. As she wheeled to face him the hood that had covered her head fell back, revealing an unknown countenance, marvelously lovely and of a wide-browed, wide-eyed mildness. In a moment he saw whom she resembled—none other than the painted lineaments of the Madonna of the Sister Chapel, whose divine beauty had always seemed to Mr. Blythote the highest type of what female loveliness should be.

Worshipping feminine charm, he experienced a discreet pleasure at the happy accident that had brought the lady to his door, and, hat in hand, he was gaining the landing when he observed that the fair one was the prey of some mysterious agitation. He bowed low to her anxious query: "Are you the Rev. Mr. Blythote?" Ah! then cried the lady, "It has reached you safely?"

"What, madam?"

"The basket."

"What sort of a basket? I have seen no basket." And it was plain, from the Rev. Percy's rounded eyes, that he was utterly confounded.

Whereupon the unknown sent forth a wall that pierced the roof, and without more ado she proceeded to go in to a swoon, adding, faintly, as she fell across the minister's arm, held to receive her:

"I sent it in to you this morning by a ragged man, with big holes in the cover to breathe through!"

She then for a moment seemed to lose consciousness entirely, and with her dead weight upon him, the weight of a buxom young woman in the full tide of health—the bewildered gentleman was made to realize that some hideous thing had happened.

It was with considerable difficulty that he succeeded in opening the door of his apartment; then, half carrying, half leading his now loudly weeping burden, he dropped her upon a sofa in the parlor and rushed into his dining-room for some restorative. Returning with a glass of wine, he held it to the lady's lips, and, beseeching her to be calm, begged for an explanation.

"Oh, sir," cried the Madonna, "would you mend a broken heart with wine?" And, waving the object disdainfully to one side, she once more addressed herself to an alarming burst of tears.

But the movement displacing her

cloak, there rolled to her feet an object which, for a moment, the Rev. Percy regarded with starting eyes—no more than an infant's nursing bottle, one of those innocent things he had before seen in mothers' hands, filled to the brim with its life-giving fluid, and topped pathetically with a rubber nipple. A harmless enough instrument in its detached state—but that very detachment now sickened the alarmed beholder to the soul. For where a moment before he had buoyed himself with the hope that his visitor's effusive grief was being poured out for some domestic pet—a drivelling pug dog at most, the unhappy man now saw that he had reason to expect the worst from the mysterious basket, which, with its breathing holes, she had looked to find upon his hands.

"Madam," he cried, as soon as he could recover his breath, "am I to understand from that thing," pointing with a wan smile to the sinister object upon the floor, "that you have sent an infant—an innocent child, madam!—to me in a basket?"

"You may," indeed," returned the lady, with wild laughter. "And where my child is at this moment only the angels in heaven may know."

But in a moment she seemed to recover herself, and swallowing the wine the disturbed minister once more held to her lips, she gracefully implored his pardon for her seeming levity.

"Reverend sir," then said the lady, "you may well be astonished at the unusualness of my visit and the preposterous nature of my errand. Had you but seen my infant son in a basket, and committed him to your care, you will know in due time. But now more serious matters than the misfortunes of an unfortunate being must engage our moments; and when I have found my innocent babe, be assured you shall know all."

"Let it suffice for the moment that you see before you the most persecuted of beings, and that in all New York this morning there was no secure spot in which my little son and I might take refuge from our enemies."

"To shorten the tale of my misadventures—waving a much-jeweled hand impatiently—"one o'clock when I seated in a carriage outside your house, and a ragged man carrying my child up to your door in a basket."

"It matters little how I knew of your move; but, familiar with your many charities, the thought of you had come to me like a lamp within the darkness. I had determined in my hour of great danger to intrust by jewel to your care, and had pinned a letter to your little dress to that effect, and when, in a moment, the man emerged from the house and assured me that you yourself had taken the basket and looked upon the infant's countenance, what could I do but believe him?"

"Nothing, of course," admitted the Rev. Percy.

But since he was not yet prepared to digest in its entirety this remarkable narrative, he had spoken in a tone of icy distraction. Whereupon, as if divining the doubt that lingered in his mind, the Madonna informed him, with some asperity, that this was no moment for the splitting of idle hairs, and warning him that even for a healthy babe a covered basket is no healthy bier, she suggested shortly that the moment had come for action.

Thus spurred to activity, the Rev. Percy shot briskly from his parlor and proceeded on a tour of the house, to see if by any accident the strange donation had been left in other hands. But in this quest the good man was doomed to disappointment. Everywhere he was greeted with the same reply—"nobody had seen a basket with large breathing holes in the cover; as everywhere the information had been delivered with galling titters at his expense."

A bitter interview with the janitor concluded his search.

This gentleman, a large and formidable person of German extraction, well trained in the noble art of self-defence, objected to being roused from his first sweet slumber. With the pastor's roudle of echoing raps upon his door he had opened a small orifice upon the miniature, dexterly well-directed thumb upon the chest before voicing speech; so it was with the fighting instincts of his own calm breast well aroused that the Rev. Percy remounted the long stairs to break the news of his defeat to the bereaved mother.

To his wonder, this heart-broken one took his tidings with imperturbable equanimity. He found her seated in his dining-room, discussing a jar of marmalade; a nervous hiccup, which she appropriated from her sideboard, and feeling this indulgence, in

"The fruits of results, in my case, of coffee drinking were sallow complexion, almost total loss of appetite, and she was utterly confounded."

"I was also very bilious and constipated most of the time for eight years, and became so nervous that I was unable to do any mental labor, and was fast approaching a condition where there would have been no help for me."

"I am convinced that if I had continued using coffee much longer the result would have been a total mental and physical wreck."

"I sometimes think the all-wise providence looks after us in trouble, at any rate, when I was in despair a friend urged me to give up coffee entirely and use Postum, giving the reasons why. It was hard for me to believe that so common a beverage as coffee was the cause of my trouble, but I made the change, and from the first trial experienced a benefit and improvement. My complexion has improved, the nervousness gone, as well as the bilious trouble and sleeplessness, and I am completely cured of sluggish circulation. In fact, I am well, and the return to health has been directly traced to leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. I recommend Postum to all coffee wrecks without a single reservation."—James D. Kimball, Isabella street, Northampton, Mass.

the face of the situation, more than indecent, it was with a hurling brevity that he delivered his intelligence.

The Madonna wiped her lips delicately and turned her eyes up to the ceiling.

"Dear sir, I had hardly dared hope anything else, since already, to guard against accident, I had, in the afternoon, gone over the house on a similar errand. I have also taken other measures for my infant's welfare," she continued, with a pathetic smile, "and to-morrow we will go about his search with vigor. But now—sighing wearily—"I must sleep; and fortified by this slight repast, of which I was in sad need, I am prepared to leave my child's fate in the hand of Providence. Does not the Bible tell us that not even a sparrow—"

"Madam," interrupted the anxious clergyman here, "do you mean that you intend to sleep—?"

"Here?" sweetly interjected the lady. "Yes—with your gracious permission. It may seem to you contrary to all decency, but there is no other alternative for one so utterly friendless. But you—" and, blushing rosily, she indicated, with downcast eyes, that all the ethics of decency demanded that the Rev. Percy should betake himself elsewhere.

"Only seek me soon to-morrow," she added, as, alarmed by certain signs of somnolency, the minister was hurrying off. "And now, dear sir, good-night. And may heaven reward you for all your kindness." And, still seated in the dining-room, the lady closed her eyes.

"This is a strange world," thought Mr. Blythote, as he sought his bathroom and absent thrust a toothbrush into his pocket. For, the thing being thus decided for him, he saw that there was no other course open to a man of honor but to abandon his roof-tree; and, in deciding upon a modest hostility of the neighborhood as a consolation to spend the night, it occurred to him that it would be pleasant to drop the hampering dignity of his cloth and go forth, as it were, a simple citizen. With this thought in mind, and to suit the inclement weather, he hurriedly changed his toilet for some rough outing clothes that had served him for country rambling. This done, he set forth in all the bravery of a pea-jacket, knickerbockers, a woollen muffler and a flannel cap with a visor, which rascally combination so completely transformed him that he could easily have escaped a parent's recognition.

As the clergyman reached the street he consulted his watch. It was now 11 o'clock, and Cynthia, in all likelihood, was arriving at the ball. Santa Claus, that philanthropic one, had doubtless filled all the stockings, and in another sixty minutes the bells of the holy Christmas would break upon the world. Meanwhile, despite his misery, he felt hunger seize upon his vitals.

An age seemed to have passed since the hour of dining; and remembering that a certain eating-place upon the circle was famed for the quality of its oysters, he addressed himself to rapid walking, soon arriving at a building of glittering exterior, that bore, in flaming gas jets, over the doorway, the title of "The Wheelman's Rest."

In this garish spot of loud talk and rattling crockery the gentleman had hoped alone to break his fast. The humble inn where he would spend the night was still some blocks away; and in the interim, as he sat in pleasant expectancy at his neatly spread table, the good man felt a soothing content, that, in a measure, atoned for his late discomfort.

But alas! the fondly awaited blivies were never to be swallowed. As the Rev. Percy sat in his chair a newsboy, Fate's bullet-headed messenger, stopped at his table; and merely obeying the instincts of his generosity, the good man laid down a dime, receiving in exchange an "Evening Gazette." It was a last edition, and as he idly whirled the pink sheets his eye fell upon the following extract:

"It would seem from an advertisement in to-day's issue that the Rev. Percy Blythote is indeed a gentleman of surprises. Not long since the Reverend Sir astonished his congregation by an abandonment of the world's goods that seemed most praiseworthy. To-day he underscores this abandonment with a tender suggestion; and it is hinted in knowing quarters that a secret marriage is responsible for the gentleman's vagaries."

With fingers that shook as if the palsy had stricken them, Mr. Blythote turned over the paper for the next advertisement. There it was, bigger and blacker than any advertisement he had ever seen in his life before! With the cold sweat starting, he read:

"\$500 REWARD.—If the person who to-day abducted a male infant from the apartment of the Rev. Percy Blythote, No. — West Fifty-seventh street, will return said child to said address, he will relieve the anguish of a suffering parent. Positively no questions asked."

"Ah," ejaculated the miserable reader, as he reached this sickening finish, "she has broken my heart!" And without further thought than that he must hide his head from the world, the unhappy gentleman snatched up his woollen muffler and vizzed cap and tore madly from the place.

As he bore down the street, his long legs making spanking time, the realization came that in this premature flight from the restaurant he had made himself amenable to the majesty of the law. But all else passed into insignificance with thought of the Madonna; and at memory of this lady, whose hateful presence in his home denied him even that temporary asylum, his heart overflowed with bitterness.

In the twinkling of an eye he saw how the vile advertisement had come about. This was the additional precaution the lady had taken for her child's safety. Upon her second visit to his home—now he assumed there had been a second visit—with no answer from within, and the infant unheard, she had jumped at conclusions, and this had been the result.

By this time the good man had reached his house, having rushed thither with the hot intention of scoring the Madonna for her behavior.

But, search his pockets as he might, there were no latch keys to be found; and, so cumulative is the ball of disaster, the most rigid examination failed to discover the whereabouts for a night's lodging—both keys and purse had been left upstairs with his discarded garments! The hour was late—past midnight now—and in the face of the complications that encompassed him he had no heart for calling upon a friend. The doughty janitor seemed as well a hopeless possibility; there was nothing for it but to spend the night abroad.

So, buttoning himself tightly in his pea-jacket, the good man set out upon a promenade of the block, with the Christian belief that it was perhaps, after all, best that he rest upon his anger. Nevertheless, the fair one of the holy likeness still danced in his mind with detestable reminiscence; and as he walked, his brain whirled with the bewildering events his move from Fifth avenue had brought into his life.

"It would seem," reflected the unhappy thinker at last, "that virtue and humility are at a discount. In endeavoring to serve the Lord I have but made myself a target for scandal!"

As, torn by these sad reflections, Mr. Blythote wheeled once more to journey past his house, he was made aware that a cab had stopped before his door. It was a rickety affair drawn by a spavined animal, and he remembered to have seen it come to this stand once before; but where, in the first instance, no one had got out—the vehicle even rattling madly down the street at his approach—he now saw a lady descend and with delicate nicety take her way across the pavement. Something in her tall height and graceful carriage, the hood-muffled head and long, dark cloak, recalled his own miseries. It was the Madonna, he knew—none other than she!—who, through some foolish move, was herself locked out, and striving to gain entrance to the mansion. She had acknowledged herself devoid of friends, and now, as penniless without doubt as himself, she was leaving no stone unturned in order to re-enter the apartment she had so readily conquered.

At this notion the Rev. Percy felt himself maddened. He would keep her out, at all events; and, dashing forward, he hurried forth the frenzied exclamation:

"Miserable woman, do not knock upon that door!"

A faint cry was his sole answer, and ere he could gather his wits again the muffled figure had regained the cab, the door was slammed, and the vehicle rushed once more away.

Standing at the edge of the curb the Rev. Percy felt himself moved to a devilish laughter. He experienced a pulsing sense of victory in the encounter; now he was equal to conquering the world; and with the fighting blood of his roused to its fullest he could only regret that the metal was not more worthy of his steel.

That the now deeply detested one would return, as she had done before, and renew her efforts to enter the house, he did not for a moment doubt; and he determined within him to give his last breath, if necessary, to keep the thing from accomplishment. Corporate correction might be denied him, but the lady could expect no other mercy through the accident of her sex.

It would be steel meeting steel; for, in the last hour, the sickening conviction had come that the fair unknown was none other than one of those many impostors with which New York is only too well provided. Now, he could see, there had been no infant at all. The story of the ragged man and the basket were but fabrications; the nursing bottle itself a lie; the advertisement the last wrench of the screw to wring from him—money! But now he was equal to the battle, and heaven was on the side of the right.

"Ah, Cynthia," thought the Rev. Percy here, "by contrast to such villainies your sweet sins seem as white as snow!" He remembered a wisp of gossip he had once heard of Cynthia—how she had danced at a fancy ball with gold heels to her slippers and living butterflies for hair ornaments. And to think that he had once reckoned these harmless pastimes wrong!

"Cynthia!" he was whispering softly again, when his blue eyes suddenly darted fire, for, to his bursting fury, he saw that merely rounding the block, the cab once more stood before his house. He was too far away to lay finger upon the intruder, but, raising his great voice, he yelled at the top of his lungs: "Miserable woman!"

Whereupon, as if propelled by a cannon ball, the hooded head that had emerged from the cab door shot back

again, and still again the vehicle spun off into the darkness.

This second escape left the minister resolved upon one point: if he wished to entrap the bird he must remain near the cage. She, too, would, in all probability, resort to ruse; and as he huddled upon an area step of his mansion he was not surprised that an hour went by with no sign from the enemy.

Then again she came, and again she was routed.

So passed the hours away; the Rev. Percy skulking within the area and shooting out at the sound of wheels like a dangerous criminal; the lady watching the field from afar, and rattling airily by should the burly figure prove in sight.

Then a longer period went by without hostilities, and, cramped by his long watch, chilled and famishing, the Rev. Percy mounted to the sidewalk to beg a truce.

The night had spent itself, and in



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again, and still again the vehicle spun off into the darkness.

This second escape left the minister resolved upon one point: if he wished to entrap the bird he must remain near the cage. She, too, would, in all probability, resort to ruse; and as he huddled upon an area step of his mansion he was not surprised that an hour went by with no sign from the enemy.

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- All prices in rage for Christmas.

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the east the dawn was showing in a faint streak of red. The street lamps still shone dimly, but windows had begun to open, milk wagons to sound, and down the block, still unlighted, stood the fateful vehicle of the night, as if pondering what course of war to adopt next. A head showed cautiously as the clergyman looked, and he waved his handkerchief with a reassuring mildness. A minute elapsed, and he could see by the bend of the driver over the trap that a consultation was in progress. Then the rickety chariot turned and came forward gingerly, wheeled about, stopped at the curb and flung open its door, the cloaked figure of the night descending.

It was Cynthia!—moreover, Cynthia, with bedraggled hair streaming comet-like behind, with a fading rose still above one haggard cheek and traces of tears about her pretty eyes. "You!" she said, wrathfully, as these same orbs rested upon the desperate-looking vision before her. "You, Mr. Blythcote! You've frightened me horribly." Then a light seemed to dawn upon her. "You were after the baby? I stole it." And tearing back her cloak with wild laughter, she revealed a bare shoulder, upon which reposed the crumpled countenance of a sleeping infant, upon whose downy head certainly the suns of three months had not set.

"It had come to talk to you about the fair," she went on, breathlessly, "and as I stood at your door the man came up with the basket screaming madly—and I read the note, and it was horrible! What could I do? I just had to steal it! It was only when I heard at the ball that you were married that I realized what I had done, and tried to get it back to you."

And the invincible one wept loudly as she strove to thrust the infant upon her companion, who, with excited explanation, valiantly strove in turn to reject the gift. Their agitation, the cold, communicating to the disappointed young gentleman, he, too, awoke with lusty lamentation, when from some unseen direction the Madonna herself pounced upon the group, and with the cry of "My baby!" tore the burden from Cynthia's embrace and showered kisses.

"Kindest lady and sir," she then said, smiling radiantly upon the pair. "I can see now that all this has come through my sending the wrong note with my boy—the one intended for the author of his being. But, lest you misjudge me, let me tell you that a simple domestic quarrel is at the bottom of my misfortunes. But this night of great trial has opened my eyes to my own failings, and after I have told you, Mr. Blythcote, the rupture to my happiness. I shall at once seek my poor young husband and relieve his anxiety."

"Madam," replied the Rev. Percy, sadly, "the details of your domestic affairs have occupied me only too long. I have no stomach for your young husband; and since you are so blessed, I beg you, in God's name, to relieve his anxiety at once and leave me in peace. I wish you both a merry Christmas."

When she had gone—for, smiling tenderly back upon them, as if she could see how the land lay there, the Madonna amiably departed without a word—the Rev. Percy turned with dreamy eyes to Cynthia: "But, Cynthia, even if the note was horrible, why should you steal the child—a perfectly strange child?" "I—I don't know," said Cynthia, foolishly. And because his own soul was so white and beautiful the Rev. Percy was satisfied, and told his love like a man—"Town Topics."

Ill-Luck of Peacocks' Feathers.
There is at least one house in London where you will as soon see a python as a peacock's feather. The drawing-room was once decorated with a frieze of them, made into fans, and from that moment the Shadow of Death descended on the house. The master of it, his sister and two sons died in little more than a year, and then an explosion of gas in the hall burned the servant almost to death. But the malign influence of the peacocks' feathers was exhausted, and they perished by their own act. Though the drawing-room door was shut, the fiery blast rushed in over the top of it, and, flying round just below the ceiling, burned them all to ashes. No other damage was done in the room, and it was some years before there was another death in the family.—The "Onlooker."

Walked Out

On Food, After Being Given Up.
Lack of knowledge regarding the kind of food to give to people, particularly invalids, frequently causes much distress, whereas when one knows exactly the kind of food to give to quickly rebuild the brain and nerve centers, that knowledge can be made use of.

A young Chicago woman says: "Other instances of the wonderful qualities possessed by Grape-Nuts food are shown in my grandmother's and mother's case. Grandmother's entire left side became totally paralyzed, from a ruptured capillary of the brain. The doctor said it would be impossible for her to live a week. She could not take ordinary food, and we put her on Grape-Nuts, in an effort to do all for her we could."

"To the astonishment of the doctor and the delight of all of us, she slowly rallied and recovered. It was pronounced the first case of the kind on record. The doctor said nothing could have produced this result but food."

"We had been led to use Grape-Nuts because of the effect on mother. She has been troubled with a weak stomach all her life, and the last few years been gradually losing weight and strength. She has tried everything, almost, that has been recommended by good authority, and until she used Grape-Nuts food nothing seemed to do her any good. Since taking up Grape-Nuts she has been constantly improving, until now she is free from any of the stomach troubles, and is strong and well. Please do not publish my name." Name can be given by Postum Cereal Company (Limited), Battle Creek, Mich.

Curious Bits of News.

One thousand and five new buildings were put up in Montreal last year, at a cost of \$4,321,500. London's new buildings cost \$49,000,000.

During the last fourteen years France has grabbed 2,000,000 square miles, against Great Britain's 2,600,000.

Within two years the quantity of cigarettes smoked in the United States has decreased 95 per cent., says a prominent tobacco manufacturer.

There are 36 Frenchmen in the British army, of whom 29 are officers. There are also 25 Germans and 15 Italians.

The 14-year-old son of a respectable Jew in Warsaw hanged himself the other day. He left a note, saying: "I have hanged myself out of mere curiosity. I could not help myself. I had to find out what they were doing in the other world."

People marvel at the mechanism of the human body, with its 432 bones and 60 arteries. But man is simple in this respect compared with most fish. The carp moves no fewer than 4,386 bones and muscles every time it breathes. It has 4,320 veins, to say nothing of its 99 muscles.

A little church of the Followers of Christ recently dedicated in Reading, Pa., was entirely built by the pastor, Rev. H. M. Lengel, who is 60 years old. He made the excavations, put in the foundations, erected the walls, did the plastering, painting,

The Christmas Girl and The Presents of Her Seven Ages.



1—The Rattle Age.



2—The Doll Age.



3—The Golfing-Biking-Skating Age.



4—The Diamond Age.

ing, tin work, etc., and paid out of his own pocket all the money for materials—about \$1,000.

The London "Outlook" points out the curious fact that only three-quarters of a century divide Lord Bathurst, the custodian of Cronje at St. Helena, from his great-grandfather, the third earl, who was responsible for the safe-keeping of Bonaparte on the same "Island rock." Is it merely a coincidence that two Bathursts should have been so similarly employed? Perhaps Lord Salisbury is the only man who knows; but surely he is one of the most unlikely people in the world to have intentionally authorized the employment of the present earl at St. Helena merely for the sake of the "coincidence?"

Consoling.

"Speaking of singing," exclaimed the nightingale, sneeringly, "of what earthly use are you? You couldn't touch a high note in a thousand years." "Oh! I don't know," replied the bird of paradise. "I'm likely to be embalmed on a bonnet some day, and then I'll make a fifty-dollar note like thirty cents."—The "Presto."

Robert Barr's Favorite Fool.

I always make it a point, says Robert Barr, to draw a character so badly that the original of the portrait never recognizes it; and, by the same token, nobody else does. Thus I escape libel suits. The original of one character which I depicted in an early novel wrote me an enthusiastic letter about the book. Speaking of his own particular picture, he said he had known several fools who were each as big a fool as the fool in the volume, and he furthermore stated that he believed I had first met that fool in his company, which was quite true, and yet he was thinking of another fool altogether.

The Smart Yankee.

The scene of another story of the smart Yankee is laid in Dundee. An old Dundonian was proudly showing him the sights—the Cowgate, the Exchange, the Postoffice, the harbor, the station, and as a climax took him down to the Esplanade. "And there," he said proudly, looking over the broad waters of the Tay, "there's the great Tay Bridge you've often heard of." "Oh," said the smart Yankee, "that's the Tay Bridge you talk so much of, is it?" Then after a pause, "Waal, you should come to our country if you want to see bridges." "Indeed!" "My goodness! I tell you we could show you a dozen bridges finer than that in one of our States," and he ran off the names of a crowd of American localities, and built mountains of words



5—The Young Matron's Most-Treasured Gift.



6—The Auto Age.



7—The Age of Spectacles, Slippers and Nightcaps.

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upon each. "You people are so slow. You know nothin' outside your own blessed little island. Why don't you come across and see the world?" The Dundonian let him have his full say, and then remarked quietly with a rich Dundee accent, "Well, I lived forty-four years in the States myself, travelled all over it, made my money there, in fact, met crowds of people, but you're the most accomplished liar I ever did hit across." The close of the conversation is not for publication. —London Outlook.

"I've promised to go in to supper with someone else, Mr. Blanque; but I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl." "But I don't want a handsome and clever girl; I want you." —Tit-Bits.

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And Moderate Price

Using the patented style of weaving we positively guarantee them to be fifty per cent. better value than any other make. Ask your dealer for Nos. 0, 1, 19 and 91.

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Maud Muller Again.

The thousand-and-first parody of Maud Muller is just to hand. Printed as prose, it runs as follows:

Maud Muller on a summer's day raked the meadow fresh with hay, and the bumblebee and garter snake she also raked with her little rake. And the wind that blew that summer's day brought Maud freckles in a frightful way; and her neck was roasted and her face was baked, but still she raked and raked and raked. It seems that her pap was away that day to some political fol-de-ray, and her mother, too, was a delegate to a hen convention out of the state. And the hired man in his hand-me-down was attending a circus that day in town. So Maud was left alone that day to do the chores and rake the hay. And she pitched right in her level best, and only took an occasional rest, then she'd spit on her hands once more and take a better hold on her little rake. But as she wrestled the new-mown grass, these words from her lips did sadly pass: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are, 'They're gone again.' Busy with other folks' affairs, they've left me here to manage theirs."

Annexation Comes High.

New York "Vogue." It seems incredible that the enormous sum of \$4,000,000 a week is the cost to this country of keeping an army in the Philippines, and yet those are the figures that are being given out by responsible persons, and which are being allowed unchallenged publication. Two hundred millions a year for one annexation. How many hundreds of beautiful parks that would open and maintain in the crowded cities of our country! How many hospitals would it endow! How many libraries maintain! Truly paths of glory are paved with blood and gold.

Not Lost.

"So poor Trimmens has passed away! We shall never hear his chirpy prattle again." "Don't be too sure. He's just the kind of man to call around at seances, and gabble away as usual." —"Life."

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When you want to prevent or cure a cold.
In the middle of the morning.
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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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VOL. 14. TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1900. NO. 6.

The Drama

TO the cultured 400 I have no doubt the scenes from the *Odyssey*, recently presented at the Grand, afforded an occasion for rapturous enthusiasm. To the great barbarian majority, who, like myself, do not pretend to be steeped in the lore and spirit of the land where "burning Sappho loved and sung," I fancy the production was, on the whole, rather a bore; at times relieved by a pretty dance or something odd and bizarre—as the foot-races and the wrestling match; at other times bordering on the absurd. It seems to me that when the University students undertook such a task, they should not have contented themselves with makeshifts in some particulars while going in for studiously elaborate effects in others. For example, the costumes were in the main all that could be desired, but the "interiors" in three of the acts suggested a corridor in a penitentiary rather than the architectural elegance of the land that gave birth to the Parthenon. The effect of the combination was simply absurd. Surely something better could have been accomplished with a very small additional outlay. In these and other details one missed the touch of the master hand that, Greek-like, loves artistic coherency, completeness—the perfection of little things. It is but fair to remember, however, that Miss Barrows, the directress, had been painfully ill for several days, able to oversee preparations and take her place in the performance only by a supreme effort of will.

The question has been raised whether it would not have been better to have used an English version of the dialogue rather than the Greek words of the *Odyssey*. Such a change would be more justifiable in the modern dramatization of an antique classic than in the presentation of a true Greek drama like the *Antigone*. One of the chief charms of the latter, when given at the Princess six years ago, was its artistic unity—its unity of action, of motive; its unity of "atmosphere," to which the sounds of the quaint, unfamiliar tongue of Hellas contributed not a little. Miss Barrows' dramatization of the *Odyssey* has no unity to mention. It is inevitably disjointed, lacking a dominating purpose or an all-pervading ethical color. The use of English might have lent its somewhat attenuated and unimpressive action greater clearness and force for ninety-nine persons out of every hundred in the audience. The use of English would also have removed a certain smack of pedantic affectation, which at times made the dialogue seem so much nonsensical mummery and raised a laugh where none was intended. On the other hand, if English had been the chosen vehicle, the 400 of Culture might have been needlessly affronted, and even those barbarians who like to pose would probably have felt less inclination to produce their well-salted dollars at the box office.

To my own mind, the value of the performance for the average person was that it gave a more striking, because more concrete, conception of the rollicking boyish simplicity, the spontaneous beauty, the exquisitely natural balance of Greek life, than one is likely to get from much reading or many lectures. As to whether there be anything specially desirable in such a conception for the man or woman who has not time to linger over it, I am like the sceptical Scotchman and "ha'e me doot."

Camille, that excessively unpleasant and morbid play of Dumas, was given a quite elaborate production at the Princess this week. Not all the pretty costumes of Miss Maynard, nor the exquisite stage settings, nor the talented work of Mr. Webster, Miss Taylor, Mr. Bresen, Mr. Searle, and the leading lady, could disguise the unpleasant taste which this repulsive French story of a woman of the town always leaves in the mouth of the normal Anglo-Saxon. The long-drawn agony of the last act is almost intolerable. I would almost prefer attending a hanging before breakfast.

A better show than the one given at Shea's this week has not been seen there for a long time. There was not a single act devoid of merit, though of course some turns were conspicuously better than others. Al Leach and his "three rosebuds" gave one of the most ludicrous and versatile sketches imaginable, in which an old-fashioned school-teacher, such as many of us were only too intimately acquainted with in the days of our youth, figures with three unusually up-to-date young ladies as pupils. The teacher's patent spanking machine, and his humorous illustration of a drunken man's attempt to climb a flight of steps, brought tears to many an eye—tears not of reprobation, but of hilarious mirth. Ugo Biondi's sketch, in which, by a series of lightning changes, he represented six separate and distinct parties to a scandal in a restaurant, was one of the most remarkable things ever seen here. His impersonation of a dozen famous composers was only passable, although the necessary changes were made with admirable rapidity. Bert Coote and company, in *Supper for Two*, fully sustained the reputation of the man with the mop of yellow thatch and the idiotic laugh. One of the best acts was that furnished by Binns and Binns, as musical tramps. John E. Camp, who is described as the man who never smiles and who certainly lived up to the description, made everyone else smile with his dry humor and quaint drollery. Alcide Capitaine gave a thrilling trapeze performance, which could not be improved upon. Physically she is a remarkable woman, and withal pleasing to look upon. The three Onri's, tumblers and revolving globe artists; Ruth White, vocalist, and Knight Brothers, dancers and singers ofcoon songs, were all good, but not equal to the rest of the bill.

The most lurid kind of realistic melodrama, such as never fails to send patrons of the Toronto into paroxysms of delight, is on at that theater this week. It is called *Midnight in Chinatown*, and its details can better be filled in by the reader's imagination than described in the sober columns of this page. Next week *Siberia* will be played at the To-

ronto. It is another play in which "the villain still pursues her."

The re-engagement at the Grand of William Morris and company in *When We Were Twenty-one* for the latter half of this week, could not fail to be a success. The play, which I outlined and commended last week, is perhaps the best legitimate drama seen in Toronto this season.

One of the most successful mediums who ever humbugged believers in spiritualism, was a Mrs. Shaw, whose greatest card was turning water into wine. She practiced this trick, for that was all it was, for many years, and humbugged thousands of susceptible people at a dollar a head. Magician Kellar will exploit the trick during his entertainment here, and will show that it is as easy to turn wine into water as water into wine, and when you've seen the trick you will be in doubt whether you saw any wine or water at all. Kellar comes to the Grand next week with an immense repertoire of legerdemain.

There was a large advance sale of seats for Leo, the Royal Cadet, promising good houses for both Thursday and Friday evenings of this week. The cantata made a decided hit in Ottawa last week, and will be repeated there on New Year's, both afternoon and evening. The following extracts are from the Ottawa "Citizen": "Bright and charming, and overflowing with mirth and music. . . . Continuous applause and curtain calls. . . . The choruses, bright and sparkling, pathetic and humorous in turn." The presentation of the cantata in Toronto occurs too late for notice this week, but at the time of writing there was promise of a creditable performance.

As the headliner for next week Mr. Shea has engaged Henry Lee, who will impersonate Great Men Past and Present. Henry Lee needs no introduction to any person posted on the American stage, and his act is said to be one of the very best in vaudeville. In addition there will be Eddie Girard & Co., in an uproarious sketch; Charles R. Sweet, the musical tramp, who is exceedingly clever; the Smedley Sketch Club in one of the best comedy acts before the public; Talbot and Davison, in a singing sketch; the Skating Rexos; Clara Clark in monologue, and several other good features. As the show will be one of Mr. Shea's own selection, it will undoubtedly be up to a high standard. There will be a special Christmas matinee, at which all seats will be reserved.

The offering at the Princess for Christmas week will be *The Black Flag*. It is a good play and should be a drawing card.

The Shadow Hour.

Just when the day turns into night, before we have our tea, All in a bunch we sit and talk, Jacky and Bob and me, And the nursery is as quiet as ever it can be.

The fire sometimes burns up high, and then it burns down low,

Across the floor soft shadows flit, like dancers to and fro, Or else they stand as still as still and watch you—in a row.

Then all the toys and chairs and things melt out of sight or change;

Our old gray flannel camel grows so big and wild and strange.

The shade of him upon the wall is like a mountain range.

And Polly in his new brass cage, so shiny and so grand, Talks to himself some language we cannot understand, Bob says he must have learned it in a very foreign land.

Mazeppa—she's a rocking horse, and such a tame old dear— At twilight gets quite irksy, for her eyes turn red and queer, And she seems as though she wanted to prance about and rear.

Then Bob tells goblin stories in a shivery, creepy tone— The wind goes past the windows with a sort of awful groan, Till I wonder how I'll ever go off to bed—alone—

Squeaky sounds come from the cupboard—Bob says "they're only mice,

He wouldn't be as 'fraid as me, no, not for any price—"

But I know he don't enjoy them or think they're very nice.

For he always starts to whistle—and Jack holds tight to me— And then— Oh, then our mother comes, and nurse brings in the tea.

The lamps are lit, and everything is jolly, don't you see.

VIRNA SHEARD.

Lieut. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P.

Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P., has lately arrived in America to give a series of lectures on "The War as I Saw it." The title of his lecture is most appropriate, as no man in South Africa, not even Lord Roberts himself, saw so many stirring incidents and covered so much ground as the intrepid young correspondent. He had but just arrived in South Africa when he was captured by the Boers after showing the greatest gallantry in an armored train fight. He was one of the first of the British in Pretoria, but after a few weeks managed to make a most daring escape, and was back with General Buller again in time to be an active participant in all the bloody work around Spion Kop and



WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

the hills which shut the way to Ladysmith. No sooner was he inside Ladysmith than he hurried off to join Roberts' main division in Bloemfontein, and started out with Gen. Ian Hamilton and the Ninth Brigade in their memorable fighting advance on Pretoria. When the army neared Pretoria, Churchill could not be restrained, and was the first man to bring the news of deliverance to his former fellow-captives. One has to go back to the days of Pitt and Fox or to the youth of Disraeli to find a counterpart of ability and success in so young a man. At the age of twenty-six he is a veteran of five wars, the author of five books, and a member of Parliament. He is a most graphic writer and is said to be as great an orator as his famous father. A lineal descendant of the first Duke of Marlborough, he seems to have inherited the strategic daring and the intrepid movement in action of England's greatest captain.

Winston Churchill will spend Christmas in Canada, and will stay with the Governor-General and Countess of Minto at Ottawa. He will give two weeks of lectures, beginning in Montreal on December 26th, at Windsor Hall. He will speak at Massey Hall on Saturday, December 29, and will also visit Kingston, Hamilton, London, and Brantford. No better proof of his calibre as a lecturer can be found than the fact that Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces, presided at his first lecture in England two months ago.

Let Us Hope Not.

Johnny was spelling his way through a marriage notice in the morning paper.

"At high noon," he read, "the clergyman took his stand beneath the floral bell, and to the music of the wedding march the contradicting parties moved down the—"

"Not 'contradicting,' Johnny," interrupted his elder sister. "Contracting."

"Well, stoutly contended Johnny," they'll be contradicting parties after a while!"

"You are the thirteenth tramp that has asked me for something to eat to-day," said the woman, viciously. "Don't let that worry you, madam," replied the tramp; "I'm not superstitious."



Christmas in Politicianville

Notes From the Capital.

HERE is much joy in the youthful hearts of Ottawa, for the word has gone forth that there is to be a children's fancy dress ball at Government House during the Christmas holidays—on the evening of January 4th, to be exact. There is great excitement among the small folks. Their fathers and mothers are busy looking over old plates and colored prints in search of appropriate costumes. The invitations are likely to come out this week, but at present the aides at Government House are occupied finding out who the children are, for in this instance they have not the visitors' book to guide them, except that only the children of those whose names are in the book will be invited. There is an age limit. It begins at four years, and I believe stops at the tenth year from that, though I fancy fifteen and sixteen will be taken in. Hon. Mr. Patterson, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, was the guest of Lord and Lady Minto for a few days recently, and in his honor a number of small dinners were given. Lady Minto told a friend that this winter she hoped to have a number of visitors at Government House, which has been so charmingly enlarged during the summer months. It has many large new bedrooms, each one most prettily furnished, to all of which Lady Minto has given her own special attention. In the fire which occurred there a couple of weeks ago, only her own bedroom was injured. It had just been done over, too, in most exquisite taste. The damage has now been repaired, and it is again a harmony in rose-tints—rose, as everyone knows, being Lady Minto's favorite color. One rarely sees her without some touch of this becoming color in her costume. It may be a cluster of carnations, a bunch of pink rosebuds, or only a bow of ribbon, but it is almost always there.

Lady Minto invited a number of ladies down to tea at Government House on last Wednesday afternoon, to discuss with her the improvements possible in the Rideau skating rink, as owing to the fact that winter is here, there is no time for building a new rink, which had really been the desire of Lord and Lady Minto. The Rideau rink is certainly in a rather poor condition, and has been so ever since it was built. Its usefulness exceeds very greatly its beauty. So, at this meeting, the ladies talked the matter over, and at last concluded to form a ladies' auxiliary to the Improvement Committee, which the men who are interested in skating have formed with the same end in view. The Countess of Minto was made convener, and the ladies present were all put upon the committee. These ladies are: Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mrs. G. W. Perley, Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell, Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. C. A. Elliot, Mrs. Avery, Miss M. Scott, Miss Blair, and Miss Lemoine. They are getting subscriptions, which come to them without much trouble. The money will be used in making the ladies' dressing-room more habitable and in beautifying and improving the tea-room. This will be extended out to the edge of the balcony so that ladies in the tea-room may be comfortably warm, and still watch the skating. The front of this room will be filled in with glass. As a consequence of these changes, skating, notwithstanding much frosty weather, has not yet commenced. The ice at Government House is getting into good order, and no doubt as soon as Christmas is over, cards will come out for the usual, and always pleasant, Saturday afternoons. Mr. Winston Churchill is expected to arrive in Ottawa at the end of this week. Then during the month of January Lady Minto hopes to have a visit from her sister, the Countess of Antrim, who is coming to America with her son, Viscount Dunluce, a young man of about twenty-two. For the Rink Improvement fund, which I mentioned above, so far the largest subscription has come from His Excellency the Governor-General, although several Ottawa men have subscribed quite generously. When it is all done, and the improvements have been made in the rink, one may count on skating being more the rage than ever in the Capital.

Mr. C. E. Moss, R.C.A., is giving an exhibition of pictures this week in Orme's Recital Hall. On Monday afternoon there was a private view by invitation, at which the Countess of Minto and her daughters were present. Lady Eileen and Lady Ruby are both pupils of Mr. Moss, who is evidently a favorite with occupants of Government House, for he was also preceptor in painting to Lady Marjorie Gordon. Mr. Moss spent last summer in England, and these pictures, for the most part water-colors, are from sketches made in the West Counties, Shropshire and Cheshire. There were also several very pretty ones from the Isle of Arran, showing the heather in bloom.

At the last morning concert of the Woman's Morning Music Club, Mrs. Ross-Hayter, who is the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Neilson, sang a couple of Schubert songs most charmingly. She is such a pretty woman that it was a pleasure to look at her as well as to listen. She has a sweet mezzo-soprano voice, though not a strong one. It is a voice one enjoys hearing. The Morning Musical has adjourned until after New Year's—the next concert will be on January 10th. The May Court has adjourned its club meetings until the stress of Christmas work is over, but the May Court is always very active at Christmas, especially its relief and hospital committees. Last Christmas this club of young ladies arranged that on the morning of December 25th there should be plants and flowers to brighten every hospital ward in the city. Of course the same will be done this year.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier are spending this week in New York, where they went on Monday last, it is said to give the Premier a short respite from deputations and demands. They will likely spend Christmas in Arthabaskaville.

Mr. and Mrs. Macleod Stewart, who have been in England since the early days of November, are expected to arrive home this week. There will be great disappointment in their household, where Christmas is celebrated with old-fashioned ceremony, if they are not back for that eventful day.

The only dance one hears of so far, barring the children's fancy ball, is a dance to be given in the Racquet Court on New Year's eve by some bachelors of Ottawa. The chaperons are all to be prominent society women, for the men belong to the exclusive set, and in every way it is sure to be a very good ball. The cards are not yet out, but are being written and will soon be received by the fortunate ones.

Much to the disappointment of his friends, Sir Adolphe Caron was not sufficiently recovered to be moved up to Ottawa last week. He is still in the Royal Victoria Hospital, under the care of Dr. Roddick, who has been under the weather himself lately. Sir Adolphe is quite out of danger, but not strong enough to be moved, nor will he be, much before a week or ten days.

Mrs. Montizambert, who last spring came to Ottawa from Toronto with her daughters, was the hostess at a very nice tea on Monday afternoon. Two of her daughters received with her; the third is out of town. Miss Mary Hamilton and Miss Marion Scarth had charge of the tea-table, which was prettily adorned with pink roses. Mrs. Ross Hayter, who came with Mrs. Neilson, whose guest she is, sang very sweetly. Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Hamilton, Lady Ritchie, and the Misses Ritchie, Mrs. George Perley, Mrs. H. K. Egan and many other ladies were among Mrs. Montizambert's guests.

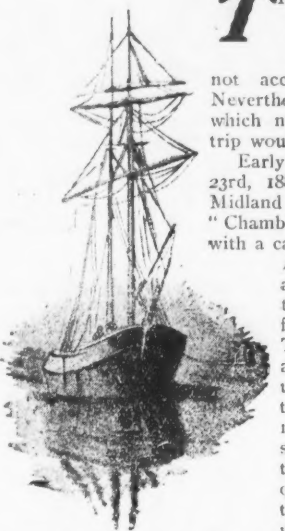
Leo, the Royal Cadet, a cantata composed by Mr. F. O. Telgmann, of Kingston, and Mr. George Cameron, was put on at the Russell Theater last week by a number of local amateurs, and is said to have been remarkably well done. Now the company have decided to repeat the performance for the benefit of Pte. Mulloy, on New Year's afternoon and evening. It is under Vice-Regal patronage, and His Excellency has taken a box, and signified his intention of being present if he can possibly manage it, at one or other of the performances. It is also under patronage of Hon. Dr. Borden and Major-General O'Grady-Haly.

Among recent teas have been pleasant ones given by Mrs. Walker Powell and Mrs. Thomas White and her daughters, who have for their guest Miss Hamilton, of Peterboro'.

AMARYLLIS.

Tales of Georgian Bay

The Perilous Drift of the "Victor."



THE story of the wreck of the "Victor" and her drift across Georgian Bay, is one of thrilling adventure, but, happily, not accompanied by loss of life. Nevertheless, it was an experience which none of those who made the trip would care to repeat.

Early on Sunday morning, October 23rd, 1887, the barge "Victor" left Midland in tow of the steamer "Chamberlain," bound for Chatham, with a cargo of 200,000 feet of lumber.

All went well for a time, but a heavy wind sprang up from the east between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. The sea got up very rapidly and caused the barge to race up on the steamer, sending it toward the "Chamberlain" much faster than it was possible for the latter to travel; then the old tow-barge would quiver, stand almost still, and the steamer, relieved of the weight of the barge, would

forge ahead at increased speed, causing heavy and sudden straining of the tow-line. Every effort was made by the captain and crew of the steamer to ease the strain, but in one of the sudden rushes of the barge, followed by a plunge into a huge wave, the tension became so great that the line parted, leaving the barge adrift in the angry and fast-increasing sea. Realizing the helpless condition of the "Victor," the captain of the "Chamberlain" made several heroic efforts to "pick up" his consort. At the peril of the steamer and all on board, effort after effort was made by the gallant Captain Featherstonhaugh to rescue the hapless "Victor," and it was only when the hopelessness of the task and the necessity of running for shelter in order to save the "Chamberlain" became apparent, that the captain gave up the attempt and steamed off for the harbor of refuge at Tobermory.

Ill supplied with sail, it was a hopeless task on the part of the crew of the "Victor" to attempt to navigate the barge in a gale. Indeed, there was not enough sail on the barge to sail her in a moderate wind, much less in a gale. But Canadian sailors are not made of the stuff that tamely submits, even in the face of almost certain disaster. Determined to fight for their lives until all hope was over, all sail available was made by the crew of the barge in order to "put her before the wind" and try to run to shelter. While the canvas was being set the barge rolled into the trough of the sea and began to make water fast. Owing to her partially water-logged condition, the vessel would not answer to her helm, even after the sails were hoisted, but drifted at the mercy of the sea, while wave after wave washed over her, rendering it extremely unsafe for the crew to remain on deck. One after another the sails were blown into ribbons, except a small stay-sail, which, in a measure, preserved the barge from absolute wreck. To make matters worse, the wind began to shift, causing the boat to drift, first in one direction and then in another. First the wind swung into the south-east, then to the south, next to the south-west, and lastly to the west, where it steadied and blew with terrific force.

It was not far from Cape Croker that the tow-line parted, but the vessel covered considerable distance in the changing wind, and when the wind settled into the west the captain had lost all idea of his bearings, and was completely "at sea" in more senses than one. Sunday evening, a huge wave carried away the 60,000 feet of lumber which constituted the deck load, carrying with it the only lifeboat on the barge. With the increasing gale from the west, the waves ran higher and higher, until the frightened, but still undaunted, crew momentarily expected the old barge to roll over. Gradually the barge filled with water, until her deck was sunk almost level with the sea, and the crew were forced out of the cabin and compelled to take shelter on the wave-washed deck. Without food or fire, with nothing to shelter themselves from the cold and pitiless waves, the crew, of whom one was a woman, were in a desperate plight, and only saved themselves from being washed overboard by lashing themselves to the masts and rigging. Part of the time the unfortunate crew, Mrs. Brown, was put in the "meat safe" near the cabin, and the lid partially shut down, to prevent her from being washed overboard or frozen. Slowly the water-logged hulk drifted across the great Bay, every minute seemingly an hour to the drenched, weary, and nearly famished crew; but still they refused to give up hope, and clung doggedly to the masts, hour after hour. Monday evening the Western Islands were sighted in the distance, but as night was fast approaching, the sight of land, and such land, only added to the horrors of their situation, for well they knew that to be cast in the darkness on the rock-bound shores of an uninhabited group of islands, miles from the mainland, could only mean death to the entire crew; not by drowning when the vessel struck, certainly from cold and starvation if any should happen to get ashore.

For the information of those not acquainted with the Westerns, it may be well to say that they consist of some fifty-seven islands and rocks, only three of which are covered with trees or verdure, and the only shelter to be found is at Harbor Island, where an old and dilapidated fishing slanty would afford little better protection than the deck of the barge. But the chances of reaching even that poor shelter were almost hopeless. In the darkness of the night the old barge bumped and pounded her way amongst the islands. But the water being deep and the rocks almost perpendicular, she did not go ashore, although she struck heavily several times and seemed, once or twice, to have stranded. However, she cleared the islands in a manner almost miraculous, and about noon on Tuesday she drifted into Deep Bay, through rocks and shoals innumerable, and grounded on Birch Island.

Badly frozen and almost helpless, the crew managed to reach shore by making a raft of the roof of the cabin. Only two matches were found in the pockets of the shipwrecked sailors, and these were wet, but by carefully drying them in the hair of the cook, a fire was started, which in a measure warmed their chilled blood, but added torture to the unfortunate who had feet or hands frozen. Towards evening on Tuesday, the passenger steamer "F. B. Maxwell," of the Pary Sound-Midland line, hove in sight, and, in answer to the distress signals of the sufferers, ran as close to the wreck as the depth of water would allow, and took the crew on board, giving them such assistance as was possible and a hearty meal—the first they had eaten since the previous Sunday. The "Maxwell" took the crew to Pary Sound, where they were made welcome by the hospitable people, their frost-bitten limbs attended to by a doctor, and the crew sent to their own homes, rejoicing in a miraculous escape from death, such as fortunately falls to the lot of few.

The names of the heroic crew of the "Victor" are: Captain, J. Silversides, Collingwood; mate, George Kelly, Owen Sound; seamen, Corwin Cole (Flesherton), John Smith (Toronto), Thomas Sterling, from near Dundas, and the cook, Mrs. Brown, of Owen Sound. Captain Silversides had afterwards many hairbreadth escapes from death, one of which will be told in a subsequent chapter on the wreck of the old steam-barge "Africa," and the still older, and, if possible, more unseaworthy tow-barge "Severn."

W. L.

Miss Kris Kingle.



Here's a novel Santa Claus:
Reining in her trusty steeds;
Steadily and true they serve her,
Eagerly they fill her needs.

'Tis a strangely mixed condition,
Tell me, is it not, I pray?
Instead of reindeer in the harness
Here's a dear within the sleigh.
JEAN C. HAVEZ.

Christmas Day in Mexico.

IN Mexico this Christmas day, the Flor de Noche Buena is in full bloom; the leaves are large and of dark, lustreless green. Exquisite flowers adorn the patio, and a climbing rose waltzes over the pillars in the Plaza. The court-yard is beautiful with flowering shrubs, clinging vines, palms, and low trees. The Mexican flowers are of a deep, rich coloring—they glow with intense red, yellow, or purple. But there are pink and white flowers, most pure and delicate. The roses, with their soft petals, fold over and over each other. There are pansies, too, as large as a dollar. Calla lilies and sweet peas bloom in profusion; there are magnificent poppies



CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO.—"THE MOUNTAIN TOPS AND THE VALLEY BELOW ARE BATHED IN THE SOFTEST SUNLIGHT OF A GLORIOUS SUMMER DAY."

and heliotropes, while the geraniums stand six feet or more in height. There are fountains in the court-yard, and the cool water shimmers and glistens in the sunshine. Mexico is a country of rapturous fragrance, with a canopy above it of clear, sapphire blue.

The mountain tops and the valleys below are bathed in



CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO.—"WENDING THEIR WAY TO THE PLAZA."

the softest sunlight of a glorious summer day. The air is sweet, balmy, refreshing, even in this mid-December. The rainy season is ended. The atmosphere is bracing, and the sun's brightness has a happy effect upon the smiling faces of the multitude as they move backwards and forwards in the brilliant Capital, inaugurating the festivities of Christmas by bearing in the hands flowers, lovely and delicately tinted. Strains of music are wafted in the air from the open door of the cathedral; and stronger and more martial notes come from the band which is marching through the streets.

Thousands of men, women, and children are winding their way to the church in brightest holiday garb, in honor of the day. Within, the naciementos—representing the birth of Christ in figures of wax—adorn the sacred edifice. The stillness of death prevails until the organ peals forth and

the choristers' voices fill the vast temple with solemn harmony. In the Plaza in front of the cathedral the multitude has gathered. The men and women who have assembled are in character like a pantomime, representing a vast religious congregation. They are the wildest and most fantastically dressed beings. There are old men, and young men, boys, women of every age, and children. They are decked in all manner of colors, in materials curiously wrought. They wear ornamented moccasins, oddly marked leggings, coarse gauze, flashing tinsel, colored feathers, floating ribbons—they are fantastic to the last degree.

The dance begins—the women in the inner circle, the men in the outer, and so alternately, line upon line. They sing as they dance, their fiery floating in the air. The harsh voices of the men can be heard above the shrill call of the women and children, and the wail of the wild musicians, who play with all their might and energy. Each circle, with all its varied coloring, dances in an opposite direction to the next. They begin with a slow bouncing movement, and after a little the performers step higher and higher. The circles wheel more rapidly until the eye and ear of the spectator become confused with the endless din and the incessant change of color and costume. It is a wild, mournful dance to the honor and glory of God. When the dance is over the dancers repair to the cathedral, where they drop on their knees before an image of the Virgin. They chant a solemn litany and perform their mysterious devotion in earnest supplication.

The Posada then follows, which is one of the chief Christmas festivities. It is a symbolical representation of the announcement of the birth of Christ to the shepherds, who are watching their flock by night. A little child clothed in white, with wings attached to her shoulders, represents the angel who brings the glad tidings of great joy that "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

E. YATES FARMER.

An Unexpected Interview.

IT was in the winter season, and at a time when men wreath their hearths with the gleaming holly berry, and mothers laugh softly to themselves as they place a spray of prickly green and white over an unostentatious door. For these are the days when the portals stand open wide for an Unseen Guest, who enters perchance and lingers among the laughing maidens, or passes by to a quieter spot, where he may rest a while.

And in the gloaming of a Christmas Eve he lurked in a dusky corner of a certain house waiting for an interview with the pretty Matchmaker. For he would take her unawares.

The laughing voices died away upon the stairs, as the house party separated to dress for dinner, and the Matchmaker, tired out with her exertions, flung herself down in the cosy corner, and thought of what she had done, while a pleased smile curved her mouth.

"Yes, everything ought to be settled to-night," she said, nestling luxuriously among the cushions. "Trenholme shall go in to dinner with Daisy, and I will see that Kitty and Donald have their chance to-night to be alone for a little while in this cosy corner. But can he see the mistletoe?" And she glanced up anxiously—then smiled at her fears. "But it is not needed there, of course!"

"Daisy is the one that bothers me most—she doesn't make the most of her chances at all, and yet it would be such a good match for both. It seemed to me he was a little distrustful this afternoon when I asked him to help her put up that wreath—and sure enough, it's crooked! Oh, of course, the accident! She happened to pound his fingers when she looked away at that other group in the corner. So stupid of her!"

Tired as she was, the Matchmaker rose to straighten the bit of evergreen and holly, and when she came back she saw that someone else shared her seat with her.

He leaned forward and looked into her startled face. "Have I found you, O mine enemy?" he said, lightly. "Or do you count yourself my friend? You and I once had dealings together, and you ought to know me, I think."

"Yes," she said, dreamily, "I knew you once. That is

why I try to do your work for you. Why do you call me enemy?" And her voice thrilled as with challenge. "I was once your enemy, some thought," he said. "But I am glad you do not think it—even now. Still, I know not how to call you. Consider, you are trying to give the young girls you surround yourself with the chance of happiness you missed. And you take no thought that I am in league with another ally—Time—who brings all things to pass. You would help on my work, yet not seldom you frustrate, or at best delay, my ends. A woman of one idea, a generalissimo of campaigns, you handle the most delicate feelings as you would puppets. True," he added more gently as he saw her shrink, "great tact you sometimes show, and it is of inestimable value, but more often you are so childishly open and simple in your eagerness that you make me groan at your clumsiness."

"Perhaps I have taken too much upon myself," she faltered. "But surely you will approve of my plans for to-night?"

"My dear madam," her companion said, gravely enough, "you mean very well, but you see only what you wish to see. Sometimes you are very blind—do you know why Trenholme has a bruised finger? Do you know why he has a sore and aching heart?"

"Because Daisy won't listen to him," she answered, eagerly. "And it would be such a suitable match in every way! I am disappointed in Daisy—she hardly said she was sorry when she let the hammer fall on his fingers."

"Where was she looking when it fell?" he asked.

"Oh, at that stupid boy who is always hanging round her—young Jeffries. I had set him with some others to help Margaret, who would suit him so well. But she was much nicer than Daisy when Trenholme hurt his finger, I must say—she wrapped up the bruise in her own handkerchief, though she was awfully slow about doing it, I thought. I wonder—" and she leaned forward as if struck by an idea.

"You were going to say?"

"I wonder if I can have been mistaken all round? Do you think it possible that Trenholme and she are in love with each other, and Daisy with that boy?"

"I think it very likely—yet the best of us make mistakes." And he sighed as he looked at her.

"Don't help me too much," he said, as the darkness closed them round. "Yet, my little enemy, for the sake of the old days I shall call you friend to-night, and prove it to-morrow when someone else greets you as I do—"

And as she sat beneath the mistletoe he kissed her; and went his way.

FLORENCE HAMILTON RANDAL.



Nickety-knock, the paper boy,
Peddles his papers down at the docks,
Holy and happy with Christmas joy,
Wants me to give him a Christmas box.

"A sweet little boy," say you, perhaps—
You never saw Nick a-shootin' craps!
Heigho, I'll soon go broke, I fear,
Well, Christmas breaks me every year!

Mother O'Brien goes out to scrub—
A perfect lady, though "on the rocks,"
Shrewd with mop and strong at the tub;
Says she, "Won't yez give us a Christmas box?"

The worthy soul, I've cause to think,
Is far too fond of strongish drink.
But here's a go for Christmas cheer;
Christmas comes but once a year!

Buttoned with brass in uniform—
Artfully cunning, the wise old fox
Lingers a while to "get a warm,"
Likewise to get a Christmas box.

For near eleven months, or more,
He's left my letters beneath the door,
So sudden conversion seemeth queer—
But—Christmas comes but once a year!

Long Louisa, giggling Lou,
Scant of beauty and skimp of locks,
Waits on table (I wait too)—
Giggling, asks for a Christmas box.

It's up to us, I guess, my lad,
To make the foolish virgin glad.
I've often itched to box her ear—
But Christmas comes but once a year!

Grandmothers and aunts and tiny cousins,
Babies in arms and perhaps in frocks,
Young ones, old ones, tens of dozens,
Looking to me for a Christmas box.
"And how can you resist?" you cry.
"I can't, I can't resist," I sigh.
Oh, I must shed a thankful tear
That Christmas comes but once per year!

Thus it is on Christmas Eve,
Strangers, friends, in shoals and flocks,
Half the town, I do believe!—
Hope I'll send a Christmas box.
If I survive in solvent state
I'll never cease to bless my fate.

But I'll go bankrupt sure, I fear!
Christmas breaks me every year!

S. H.

"Jimmie is getting more polite." "I hadn't noticed it." "Yes; at breakfast this morning the pancakes on top of the pile were a little burnt, and when they were passed to Jimmie, he said: 'Help George first.'—Cleveland 'Plain Dealer.'"

He—I told you I couldn't afford to buy myself a winter suit, and you go and buy an expensive bonnet. I should think you might be as unselfish as I. She—But I think it was unselfish of me to let you have the credit of being the unselfish one.—Philadelphia "Press."

Accident Insurance Agent—I'm sorry, sir, but we can't take you. Applicant for Policy—And why not, I should like to know? Accident Insurance Agent—Well, the fact is, we've made inquiry as to your habits, and we learn that in moments of abstraction you sometimes whistle "The Blue and the Gray."—Town Topics.

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen

Lahn. Tuesday, Dec. 11, 10 a.m.

Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thursday, Jan. 3, 10 a.m.

Lahn. Tuesday, Jan. 13, 10 a.m.

Lahn. Tuesday, Jan. 29, 10 a.m.

Lahn. Tuesday, Feb. 12, 10 a.m.

Lahn. Tuesday, Feb. 28, 10 a.m.

New York, Bremen

Frederich der Grosse, Thursday, Dec. 13, 10 a.m.

Trier. Thursday, Dec. 20, 3 p.m.

Oldenburg. Thursday, Jan. 3, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN, NAPLES, GENOA

Kaiser Wm. II., Dec. 15, 10 a.m.

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Answers to the Anti-Crush Person.

A Christmas Book. Good Wishes.

SEVERAL letters have reached me regarding the protest against large teas and wear-

some dinners which was made in another column by a corre-

spondent last week. Strange to say, those agreeing with the protest do not

sign their names, and therefore into the W.-P.B. they go—but there are

thoughts with names signed to them which deserve consideration, and they are not on the same side of the question as the objectors and critics afore-

said. A lady writes: "No one is obliged to attend these large teas, yet the stand against them is made as if they were as much a necessary part of life as riding in overcrowded street cars. I am sure if those who dislike these

crowds would just stay at home instead of arriving the first and going away the last, standing about in the

evening, looking bored and cross, and generally afflicting us who enjoy the affair, we should have less crowding and much better time. Just fancy a big afternoon rout with no cranks, stupid, lumpy, or dyspeptic people at it! Wouldn't it be gay?" Also, another

writes: "If your critic would cultivate amiability and love of humanity, he or she would look very differently upon the large gatherings which are now so

distasteful. I can always find some fun, some congenial soul, and after noon tea, as I take a good deal of

interest in my fellows, I can generally be well entertained by chatting with and enquiring for them and theirs. I may therefore be called a gossip, but I don't care. Far better be a good-natured gossip and popular than a

fault-finding and selfish egotist, such as your friend of last week bids fair to become." A third person writes, and this is a man, well known in society: "Your correspondent appeals to

us to sit down upon afternoon crushes. Please don't for one of my favorite little relaxations is to drop in at these bright affairs. I like a

crowd, for there I can see the people I want and pass by those I don't want (not you, dear Lady Gay), and though I agree with your friend about the

dinners, which I do as often as a good excuse offers, I don't about the

teas. I've had some of the jolliest little tete-a-tetes, refreshing after a dull day of office work, and met some of the

brightest people I know this winter at the various big teas. The only objection I have is on behalf of the hostess, who has a slow enough time of it. She should have a raised date, an easy chair, a glass of something staying, and a nice man or two to talk to between 'shakes.' I often look over the

latter part myself, if I get there in time." Now, isn't he a real dear? For a halfpenny I'd print his name, more power to him, for it's an Irish one!

A "Very Old Lady" who does not sign her name, says: "If it be you who wrote that disagreeable article in regard to afternoon teas, I should be obliged to you for some suggestions which would provide an improved substitute. I have over six hundred friends, to whom I should send cards for such an affair as evoked the protest in last week's paper. That I am not able to endure the fatigue of receiving is the only reason I don't do so. I believe the afternoon crush is not peculiar to Toronto. The highest examples we have in the entertaining line are apt to crowd their receptions, and I have vivid memories of a Queen's drawing-room at which our

rooms were nearly rent off our backs. Beside this, a crowded tea is the outward and visible sign of a smart and popular hostess, and the discomfort of one's friends is quite a minor matter, when the enhancement of one's own importance is in the balance." Thus the "very old lady" gives her non-committal little pun.

"Did you write that mean thing about crushes and teas, or do you know who did?" has been my greeting several times. Far be it from me to venture into the august columns devoted to "Things in General," or to risk being left out of some afternoon tea at which I want to meet some famous or witty or just ordinary nice man or woman, whom I haven't time to come in collision with otherwise. Really and truly, and strictly on the side, unless I am in wondrous good form, I generally come out from an afternoon tea of the crush species with my brain boiling, ice cream on my best clothes, claret cup staining my new white kids (and that stain won't let you forget Lady Macbeth), and an impression that a Turkish bath and massage with one's best clothes on is more or less of a failure. Many dire catastrophes due to enthusiastic

cathartes, more versed in gauging a goal kick than bearing aloft the elusive crown and the level finding "cup" in glasses, unwittingly fall, or old beaux who poke about mysteriously, have made me register a vow to keep clear of the refreshment room till the crowd thins out, but there's always a time when, if one really needs it, one can "taste and see" in comfort and not be sorry. There are many persons who shouldn't go to crushes. They don't go to other things they dislike; why should they be trodden upon, prodded in the ribs, squeezed, smeared and rent if it's no fun for them? If they don't go, why shouldn't they allow the rest of us our rough and tumble entertainment whenever we are bidden to it? Or, at least, give us something easier, and see if it will suit.

You all remember that charming book, Christmas in Canada, which M. Louis Frechette gave us last Yuletide? This season it comes to us in the graceful language of the author and is distinctly a credit to the Toronto publishers who have brought it out. Frenchmen write their best in French, and therefore Louis Frechette's French stories will appeal to the many who love the language. In a very strong and delightful way, Morang & Co. (Limited), have brought out the French edition, which is entirely the work of Toronto printers and binders, and most capably done.

Before another issue of this paper

the great festival of Yule-tide will be over, with its reunions, blissful and blessed, its lone hearts and bare cupboards, its plenty and its love. When you read this, my dears, old and young, sage and silly, you will be deep in the chaos of what you want to give and what you can give, and many of us with slim purses will be a bit out of humor just because our hearts don't match our purses. There is no time I wish for wealth but at Christmas-time; so song it the air with the impulse to give and make glad. But who knows the good it does one to have the heartstrings so twisted, to recognize and suffer from the burden of love that is laid heavily upon our souls until it hurts us? Brother to brother, sister to sister, the groping hands go out in the spirit place where love broods over all. One thinks with a wrench of the sorrowful, to whom one would send wealth of flowers: of the shabby, to whom one would be fairly godmother, and bring smart toys of the hungry—ah!—what a mockery that one should actually be hungry! whom one would feed with all the sacred awfulness of indigestible pertaining to Christmas dinner. And one has only the yearning, impotent, loving thought for them all! Yeh-yeh-yeh! but maybe it is more potent, more sacred, more helpful than we know, this pain of loving which makes us wish with empty hands, but full heart, "Good friends, I wish you Merry Christmas."

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reviewers and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

J. Milet—This is a very fine, decided, honest, and generous study. The writer will probably dominate her surroundings (or his, for the sex isn't indicated). There is some grace of thought and good logical sequence of ideas, care for detail, and a practical way of looking at things. The writer is constant and decided, with some independence and enterprise, and no small opinion of No. 1. The student fulfilled all requirements like the best of us. Although you left school too soon, as you say, do you know that I am struck by the intelligence and facility of expression in your letter? There is a feeling in your lines, a touch of writing, though it needs time and experience. I am glad you like music, not only does it give you pleasure, but it shows the softer side of your nature is in good condition. Some more congenial work than farming? Ah, lad, if it seemed to me that you were in the city life, as you would find it. Certainly you'd have some good music and might not only work, but there are many drawbacks. I'd bet dollars to doughnuts you're a good farmer, anyway. I see cumulative effort, and some warm feeling in your lines, a touch of ambition, clear sequence of ideas. You are a libra child. The Scales rule October, and you should have some of the exactness getting yourself balanced. When once you are evenly poised, you will be a power. Don't be moody—mean and pessimism. I fancy, if you set something mild to it you might write something bright and happy. There seems to be some humor peeping out. I shall look for another letter from you some day.

Marigold—I need the exact copy of the motto to be of any use. This is an exceedingly magnetic, clever, and sympathetic study, wasting neither sympathy nor much thought in your writing. Others, a discreet, determined, somewhat pessimistic person, with ambition yet unsatisfied, a fine eye to the main chance, some love of change, pride, imagination, and some brusqueness, of thought may be, which makes you impatient; of more sentiment. It is the writing of a clever one, not too matter-of-fact and knowing what he or she wants (she, preferably), with pride enough to keep from meanness and some impudence of bygone methods. There is a good deal of "noblesse oblige" about this study.

Topsy—Well, you won't lightly trust anybody, my black friend. You may, however, easily make a present of your confidence to some one, quite unintentionally, in an unwary speech. There is some weakness in your lines, a physical or psychic, I wonder? The impulse is uncontrolled and force sometimes wasted. Temper may be sharp; judgment is so at times. The reasoning power is pretty good, but the whole nature needs developing.

Baby—A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you, old child, and Jane and the rest. Did you get the roll? 'Twas so dear of you to write! Lady Gay's love, and may we encore it, but in December next time, Baby, please the pigs. We were talking of you a week or so ago.

Gwenllan—Is that your crazy name? Your writing shows a tendency to pessimism, great impulse, energy, and bright mentality. You are frank and free, apt to talk carelessly, but rather a smart sort. You don't study appearances, nor always act harmoniously, which is naughty of you. But I like you, and find much charm in your writing. I think you don't always do yourself justice, do you know? You have fine gifts, which should be made more of. When you really think and do your best, the difference is marked.

Blackie—Who are Lord and Lady Laurier, may I enquire? I don't know whether you mean Lord Minto, or Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but they're all people your town might well be "en fete" to honor. You talk of a meeting, and your letter was dated just before the elections, I presume you are talking of Sir Wilfrid, who was in your part of the country about that time, and not Lord Laurier yet. The Frenchmen often call him "Mister" Laurier, though he was knighted a long time ago.

2. Your writing is exceedingly promising, but has many signs of youth, and is chiefly marked by strong and constant will, dominant and practical. You have some ambition, adaptability, good temper, discretion, and rather a lack of buoyancy and practical. You cultivate all sorts of pleasant and engaging ways, and with your force and poise you'll be a remarkable woman.

Brown Eyes—What's your hurry? You will have to practice a good deal, and cultivate all the gentler and more ingratiating traits to make you what you may be. If you have been practicing writing for twelve years and have just written the specimen I am looking for, you'll need something like half century to be something like.

It looks like the effort of a ten-year-old child,



IT'S THE MODE EVERYTHING IN PLEATING

Knife and Accordion Pleating in all sizes. 8-inches in Fancy and Dancing Skirts. We prepare them and pleat ruffles, and make Pleated Skirts to order. Hemstitching, Single or Double. Plain Tucking, Shell Tucking, Cording, Shirring, Fluting, etc.

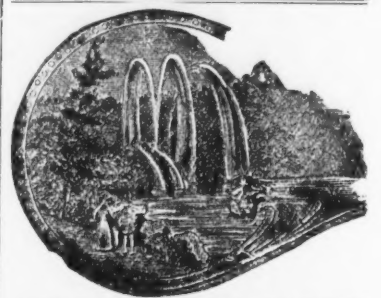
Canada Featherbone Co.

46 RICHMOND ST. WEST (Near Temple Building.)

Do You Like a Good Dinner?

See that the celebrated WINDSOR SALT is on the table—Pure, Sparkling, White. Without an equal.

THE WINDSOR SALT CO. LIMITED Windsor, Ont.



People who are languid, tired out or suffering from the after effects of La Grippe can here in the mineral waters of the springs with back health and strength. A card will bring you descriptive pamphlet. Everything here for human health and comfort. Health-giving springs, pure air, food and water. Liberal table.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

PUEBLO SPRINGS R. WALKER, Proprietor.

A Well Known Dentifrice Sold in Canada Since 1854



ATKINSON'S PARISIAN TOOTH PASTE. A Well Known Dentifrice Sold in Canada Since 1854

Turn It Upside Down

—DRINKS IT ALL —NO DRUGS —NOT CARBONATED

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented

A single trial will convince.

To be had at all hotels and dealers

The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto Limited

Imitations

of Dodd's Kidney Pills are legion. The box is imitated, the outside coating and shape of the pills are imitated and the name—Dodd's Kidney Pills is imitated. Imitations are dangerous. The original is safe. Dodd's Kidney Pills have a reputation. Imitators have none or they wouldn't imitate. So they trade on the reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Do not be deceived. There is only one DODD'S. Dodd's is the original. Dodd's is the name to be careful about—

D-O-D-D-S

KIDNEY

PILLS

OLD SANTA

On his Xmas journey, carries with him a pocket stove, a kettle and a supply of the

The Oxol Fluid Beef Co.,

Manufacturers, MONTREAL.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS and MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

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Anecdotal.

Cows, it appears, have most accommodating appetites and digestions. When, in the 'sixties, an Oxford cow was credited with swallowing a mackintosh, it drew from Osborn Gordon, then the well-known witty censor of Christ Church, London, the expression of a hope that its milk would now be water-proof.

One day, at a large family dinner, Pasteur called the attention of those present to the danger of imbibing germs while eating fruit, and to impress the necessity of caution upon his hearers washed his bunch of grapes in a glass of water. After he

A

Solange of The Wolves.

A THRILLING BIT OF FRENCH REALISM.

WE had been walking all the afternoon in the forest, three of us, knapsack on shoulder, sticks in hand—in that noble forest of Tronçais which covers half the districts of Saint-Amand and Nevers. The little village of Vigne, nestling on the bank of the Cher, in the cleft of the valley, which is divided by the river, marked that day the end of our halt. Having dined at the house of an old friend, an unpretentious physician of the five or six parishes near Vigne, we were sitting before the door, dreaming, with our briar pipes between our lips.

About us on the mass of bluish foliage which marked the horizon, the shadows slowly descended. Flying swallows streaked the sky. The nine o'clock angelus sounded its strokes, spaced out by silences, from the top of a little extinguisher-like steeple that one could see rising from amid the roofs. The barking of dogs called and answered among the farms.

A woman, still young, and clothed in a red flannel petticoat and a white linen waist, came out of a house near that of the doctor and went down toward the river. With her left arm she held against her breast a child in swaddling-clothes and her right hand clasped the hand of a little boy, who in turn gave his hand to a still smaller one. Arriving at the brink of the river, the young woman sat down on a large stone, and while the two boys quickly undressed and entered the water, dabbling and splashing in it with screams of laughter, she opened her bodice and began to nourish her latest born.

One of us, who was a painter, observed:

"There's a picture that would have a marked success at the Salon. She is well set up and bien eclaircie, that woman. And what a striking effect that red skirt of hers makes on the blue of the landscape!"

A voice behind us said:

"You're looking at Solange of the Wolves, young men."

It was our host, who had been detained a moment in his office by a consultation, and who now rejoined us. On our asking about this Solange and how she received that curious name, he related the following story:

This Solange, whose full name is Solange Tournier, the wife of Grillet, was the prettiest girl in the whole country about ten years ago. To-day, working in the fields and the bearing of five children have worn her out and spoiled her looks; though, notwithstanding her thirty years, she is still beautiful, as you see. At the time of the adventure which gave her her name, she was living with her parents, small farmers, on a place called Reindu-Bois, eight miles from here, near Lury-Levy. Although poor, she was courted by all the young men, even

the rich ones; but she responded to no one's advances except those of a certain Laurent Grillet, whom she had chosen when she was a little girl, while they both tended the flocks in the pastures of Reindu-Bois.

Laurent Grillet was a foundling, with only his two hands for his fortune. Solange's parents had no desire to unite two lives of poverty, especially when the young girl had so many suitors of means, and so they forbade Solange to see her lover. Nevertheless, Solange continued to meet Laurent, and, as they lived in the same parish, with the forest only a few steps away, there was every opportunity. When her father and mother perceived that neither scoldings nor blows made any impression on her, they resolved on stronger measures; so they sent Solange out to service at Vigne, on the model farm of M. Roger-Dufos, our deputy. Perhaps you think the two lovers then ceased to see each other. Not at all. They saw each other every night; they slept no more. As evening fell, each left the farm and went alone by a cross-road shorter than the high road, and, having joined each other, they stayed together until the first streak of dawn in the forest.

That was in 1879. The summer passed as usual, as did also the autumn. Then came the winter. It was terrible. The Cher was blocked with huge cakes of ice, and finally became completely frozen from bank to bank. The tree-tops of Tronçais, covered with snow, looked like the skeleton of an overburdened roof. All the forest roads became nearly impassable, the forest was deserted, and little by little, as man no longer frequented it, wild animals regained it. There appeared what had not been seen there since the annes terribles of 1871—wolves.

Yes, young men, wolves. They alarmed the isolated farms on the outskirts of Lury-Levy and of Vigne. They entered into the streets of Saint-Bonnet-le-Desert, a lonely village on the edge of a forest pool. Parties were organized to beat up the thickets and hunt out and destroy the savage animals: a reward of fifty francs was offered for every wolf's head. I myself saw three, two of them very large, prowling along the other bank of the Cher on mornings when I went out with my carriage to Saint-Amand.

Neither the winter nor the wolves, however, prevented Laurent and Solange from seeking out each other every night; and they continued their nocturnal expeditions in the face of a thousand dangers. It was that season in the country when the peasants keep holiday for lack of employment. Each evening Laurent left Lury-Levy, his gun on his arm, and with a brisk step entered the forest that formed a mass of black and white, while Solange left Vigne about nine o'clock. They joined each other about a mile and a half from here, near a glade called the Reconnote, that crossed the forest road. Well, one evening Laurent Grillet, on arriving at the meeting-place, slipped on the frozen snow and fell in such a way as to break his right leg and sprain his right wrist. Solange tried to lift him, but she failed. She could only drag him to a big elm, against which she leaned his body, enveloping him with her own cloak.

"Wait for me there, my poor Laurent," she said. "I'll run to Vigne for the doctor, and he'll come for you in his carriage."

She went away, and had passed the first turn in the road, when she heard a shot and a cry for help. She found her lover trembling with fear and pain, his hand gripping his gun, which was placed on the grass.

"What's the matter, Laurent? Was it you that fired?"

"Yes, I saw an animal with red eyes and a strong smell, and about the size of a big dog. I'm sure it was a wolf."

"Did you fire at him?"

"No, I can't raise my gun as far as my arm. I fired into the ground to frighten him. And, as you see, he's gone."

Solange thought for a moment.

"Will he come back?" she asked.

"I'm afraid so," said Laurent. "You must stay here, Solange. If you don't I shall be eaten by the beast."

"Very well," answered Solange. "I'll stay. Give me your gun."

She took it, drew the shell and replaced it by a fresh cartridge. Both waited.

One or two hours passed—perhaps more. The moon, still invisible, had risen just above the horizon; for the sky reflected a confused brightness, that grew each moment more perceptible. Laurent became feverish; he shivered and moaned. Solange, benumbed with the cold, yet remaining upright with her back against the tree, began to nod with drowsiness.

Suddenly a kind of baying, a low-drawn howling, like that of dogs who are shut up at night, made her start. In the diminished shadow she perceived two fiery eyes, which glared at her. It was a wolf.

Laurent wished to get up to take the gun, but the pain made him fall back with a groan.

"Cock it, Solange," he said. "Don't fire too soon, and aim between the eyes."

But the recoil made the weapon miss fire; the beast was untouched. Nevertheless, he ran away along the road. A little while later, they heard him howling in the distance, and other howls answering him.

The moon rose higher in the heavens. It passed suddenly the black masses of thicket, lighting up the forest just as the blaze from a great window illuminates the surrounding scenery. Then Laurent and Solange saw a terrible sight. Within gunshot five wolves were squatting on their haunches across the road, while another, still more daring, stole toward them stealthily.

"Listen," said Laurent to the girl. "Take aim at the one coming. If you can kill him, the others will eat him and leave us in peace for that much time."

The wolf continued slowly to advance. They could distinguish his bloody eyes, the projecting bones of his back and body, his dull, leaden-colored fur, and his half-opened jaws, from which protruded a long red tongue.

"Press the butt-end well into the hollow of your shoulder," said Laurent. "Now fire!"

She pulled the trigger. The wolf made a bound to the side and, without



Jack-in-the-Box—There she sits, my beloved, under the mistletoe, while I, like a great gawk, seem glued to the spot, unable to make use of my opportunity.

a cry, fell, mortally wounded.

All the pack scampered off at a gallop and disappeared in the copse.

"Run quickly, Solange," cried Laurent. "Carry him as far as you can down the road in front. There is no danger. The others won't come back for quite a while."

She was obeying when he called her back.

"You must cut off the head of the wolf for the sake of the reward."

"Have you a knife?" asked Solange.

"Yes, in my belt."

It was a knife with a short handle and a wide blade—a hunting-knife. She took it and ran to the wolf. Courageously she slashed the throat; and the warm blood gushed out upon her hands, her clothes and even on her face. She hacked the head from the quivering body, which she then dragged by one leg as far ahead as she could. Then she returned, carrying the shaggy, bleeding head.

That which Laurent foresaw soon happened. The wolves, at first astonished at the death of their companion, returned when they smelled the blood.

All five came back. Reflected by the moonlight on the snow, the two young people saw the fearful pack of wild animals crowded together, rubbing their backs around the fresh prey.

It into shreds until nothing remained, not even a tuft of hair, not even a bone.

In the meanwhile the young man began to suffer horribly from his broken leg. Solange, whose nerves were relaxed in a fit of exhaustion, fought vainly against fatigue and sleep. Twice the gun fell from her hands.

The wolves, having finished their repast, began to approach again. The young girl fired one bullet, then two, into the pack; but her benumbed fingers trembled; she did not hit them. After each explosion the pack turned, trotted a hundred yards along the road, stopped a while, and finally returned.

Then the two poor creatures felt that their end was near, and that they were doomed to die. Solange loosened her hold upon the gun. Not for an instant did she think of seeking aid and abandoning her wounded lover. She stretched herself beside him under the same cloak, she twined her arms about him, she pressed her cheek against his; and both together, the skin freezing with cold, the blood burning with fever, they waited for death, their delirious eyes seeing strange visions. They imagined that they had gone back to the warm summer nights, when the forest, robed in June attire, sheltered their untroubled meetings. Then suddenly the trees and thickets were revealed to them, illumined by the reflection from the snow, peopled with moving forms, with eyes like red-hot coals, with open jaws that were multiplied in number and that drew near, about to devour them.

But, happily, neither Laurent nor Solange was destined to die that frightful death. Providence—I believe in it, young men—brought it to pass that on that morning I was coming back in a carriage from Saint-Bonnet-le-Desert, where I had been attending a patient. I held the reins. Doubtless our bells frightened the wolves, so we did not see a single one. But in front of the elm, at the foot of which were stretched the lovers, my mare warned me by shying. I jumped from the seat, and, aided by my man, I picked up the poor, frozen, inanimate couple. We installed them in my carriage, the best we could, wrapping them in our blankets, and we brought back, too, the bleeding head of the wolf.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we entered Vigne. The day rose on a landscape of glass tracery and white velvet. The farmers of M. Roger-Dufos and half the people of the borough, alarmed at the disap-

pearance of Solange, came out to meet us. And it was in this big kitchen, where we dined to-night, before a blazing fire of beech logs, that Laurent and his sweetheart were revived at last and told us about their fearful night.

One of us asked:

"And afterward, doctor? Were they married?"

"Yes," replied our host. "Events sometimes indicate the will of Providence with such force that even the least clear-sighted are astonished. After the adventure with the wolf the parents of Solange consented to allow their daughter to marry Laurent Grillet. The marriage took place in the spring; the fifty francs reward paid for the bride's dress."

The story-teller was silent. Night had come. The sky, a turquoise blue, mirrored its first stars in the river. The lanky masses of trees, immovable, appeared at that moment like black mountains. We saw Solange dress her two boys and come back, returning to her home with her youngest child asleep in her arms.

The doctor said:

"Good evening, Solange."—Translated by Vallory Roubush from the French of Marcel Prevost.

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Those Poor Italian Princes.

It is certainly creditable to the Italian Government that it should not allow its old art treasures to leave the country, but it is surely a severe and oppressive law which compels the nobles of a country to keep valuable family heirlooms on their walls with the wolf at the door, and a rich foreigner on the threshold flourishing a fat cheque.

Prince Chigi sold a Botticelli, the chief gem of his family collection, to a foreigner for sixty thousand dollars, and he was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine equal to the price received for the picture. This was not the first time that an impoverished Italian nobleman was caught raising the wind by disposing of the work of a great master. Prince Sciarra was exiled for disposing of Raphael's "Violin Player." Prince Borghese was punished for selling Raphael's portrait of "Cesare Borgia." One of the Rothschilds purchased the portrait for two hundred thousand dollars. A dealer in Rome took the picture, cut it out of its frame, and coated it with wax, on which he caused a portrait of the Pope to be painted. It passed the Customs and reached Paris, where it now hangs. The Italian Government has a hard time trying to keep its old glories of art in Italy, and while it is certainly not creditable to those foreigners who are guilty of bribing impoverished noblemen to violate the laws of their country, sympathy cannot be withheld from the poor princelings whose poverty-stricken condition makes them susceptible to temptation.

A French Waterloo Monument.

London "Chronicle."

It is distinctly good news that the French are about to erect a national monument on the field of Waterloo. Although the fortune of war decided against them, they have as much reason to be proud of the conduct of their countrymen on that day as of the valor of their equally unsuccessful countrymen at Quebec fifty-six years earlier. There is in the Canadian town a monument common to the commanders of the hostile armies, both of whom fell in the battle; and that monument has done much to bring the two races into harmony. A French memorial beside our own on the field of Waterloo ought, in like manner, to bring the two nations together. Victor and vanquished were alike brave.

The Unpopular Lansdownes.

The Lansdownes, generation after generation, have had so many bitter things said about them by political opponents that the new Foreign Secretary will probably read the most of his latest description in one of the evening papers: "the outcast and failure of the War Office." This, after all, is but honey-and-butter criticism compared with that which the first Marquis—better known to historical students as Lord Shelburne—had to endure. Lord Shelburne, though unquestionably the ablest and most masterful of his line, and a consummate debater, even in the days of such Parliamentary giants as Pitt, Fox and Burke, was admittedly "one of the most unpopular statesmen of his time." That good hater, King George the Third, denounced Lansdowne as "the Jesuit of Berkeley Square," while he was stigmatized by Fox "as a perfidious and infamous liar." Gainsborough, the painter, was nearer and more to the point. Lansdowne was sitting for

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his portrait, and Gainsborough, after a couple of attempts to catch the likeness, threw aside his brush, exclaiming with an oath, "I never could see through varnish—and there's an end!" But it was poor, blundering Goldsmith who most completely put his foot in it. Lansdowne's nickname with the public was "Malagrida."

"Do you know," said Goldsmith, conversing one day with the Marquis, "that I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good sort of man!"

Petroleum For Street Sprinkling.

Something new in road-making is reported from California, and recommended for adoption in the east. It is a method of converting dusty roads into smooth and excellent pathways for vehicles by the simple process of sprinkling them with petroleum, and wonders are said to be accomplished by it.

Recently some of the railways in the Eastern States have been improving their road-beds by a similar use of mineral oil, which, being applied with a sprinkler twice a year or oftener, serves not only to hold down the dust, thus diminishing the disagreeableness of travel by rail, but acts as a cement, fastening the particles together and making a hard and firm surface.

Sixty barrels (forty-two gallons each) distributed in a fine spray by means of a machine on a cart resembling a street-sprinkler will, as has been found, suffice for one mile, at first. Afterward, two more applications of twenty barrels to the mile are made, and the road is beautifully macadamized to all intents and purposes, with a surface so hard as to be dust-free.

The oil costs only ninety-five cents a barrel, so that the expenses for material employed is but ninety-five dollars a mile—a very moderate price for transforming dusty roads into highways smooth and hard as city streets.

Petroleum of the kind known in the east has paraffin as its base, but the mineral oil produced in California has for a base asphaltum, so that it serves particularly well for the purpose described, the roads treated being in a manner paved with asphalt.

Mother—No, Johnny, you have had pie enough. Johnny—Mother, it is impossible to have-mother of your pie. (He gets another piece.)—Boston Transcript.

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MR. TORRINGTON'S annual Christmas religious and musical function, the production of Handel's Messiah, which was given on Monday and Tuesday evenings in the Massey Hall, was attended by more than its usual success. At the rehearsal on Monday evening there was an audience of about twenty-three hundred people, mostly employees of factories and shops, for the admission of two thousand of whom Mrs. Hart A. Massey generously paid, her idea being to give the masses a free opportunity of hearing good music. At the rehearsal the soprano solos were sung by Miss Eileen Millett, in place of Miss Trebelli, who had not recovered from the fatigue of her journey to the city. The occasion was a triumph for the young singer, who rendered her music with much charm of voice and expression, and who several times during the evening aroused the audience to enthusiasm. No doubt after the "rag-time" songs and dances which form the greater proportion of the musical fare of the masses, the contrapuntal choruses of Handel must have proved perplexing to many of those who availed themselves of Mrs. Massey's liberality. The audience, however, showed a very appreciative disposition, especially towards the principal solos. The public concert on the following evening was heard by a representation of our music-loving community that numbered probably twenty-two hundred persons. The concert was even better than the rehearsal. The grand choruses went with a finer rhythmic swing, improved emphasis of the words, increased light and shade, and with a larger volume of tone. The soloists were Miss Trebelli, soprano; Miss Grace Lillian Carter of Boston, contralto; Mr. Holmes Cooper of Chicago, and Mr. David Ross, bass. This quartette gave a very satisfactory and well-balanced rendering of the solo music. Miss Trebelli's style and vocal gifts are too well known in Toronto to need comment: it will be sufficient to say that she sang throughout the oratorio in her most felicitous manner. Miss Carter, who was a new-comer, delighted her hearers with her sympathetic voice, earnest expression and distinct enunciation. Mr. Cooper showed a voice of excellent carrying power, and threw much fervor into the expression of his music. Mr. Ross, now of Toronto, has flected infinite credit on Canadian talent as much by his careful, clean and solid work in the robust arias as by the satisfying quality of his voice. The chorus, as usual, was the feature of the performance. They sang with great majesty and dynamic power, the effect being most impressive, especially in such numbers as the Hallelujah, Behold the Lamb of God, and the Gloria, He Trained in God, and the finale. Mr. Torrington conducted with all his old-time energy and watchfulness, and had the co-operation at the organ of Mrs. Blight and at the piano of Miss Ethel Husband.

The directors of the Bishop Strachan School have, with commendable enterprise, decided on placing in the chapel of the school a good two-manual organ, to be blown by a water-motor. An unusually good opportunity will thus be afforded to students desiring to fit themselves for church organists. The organ instruction will be given by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, who will also conduct a class for the study of the musical service of the Church of England in all its branches.

Of the operettas that were performed in Germany during the year ended August 31 last, the English musical play *The Gelska* came second on the list in regard to number. It received 461 productions, Strauss' *Fledermaus* heading the list with 462. The *Mikado* was given 52 representations. The leading serious operas were: *Lohengrin*, with 287 performances; *Cavalleria*, with 272; *Tannhauser*, 266; *Carmen*, 247; *Fredschütz*, 236; *Mignon*, 211; *Flying Dutchman*, 202.

In the Paris "Figaro," Gailhard, director of the Paris opera, tells a story of how he made a Wagnerite of a prominent anarchist. Hearing that when Lohengrin was to be produced in 1892 the anarchists were plotting to disturb the performance, he called on one of the leading agitators. "I hear," he said to the surprised anarchist, "that you and your friends intend to interfere with the production of Lohengrin. Why should you? It is a very beautiful opera, which you will applaud as soon as you hear it. And, besides, I fail to see why you, an enemy of all governments, should work in the interests of the nationalists: for art, like anarchy, has no country." On leaving he left a ticket for a comfortable parquette seat. The anarchist duly made use of it, applauded the opera and afterwards hunted up Gailhard to express his thanks for the seat, and his annoyance at some fools who had hissed.

Mr. Joseph Bennett, writing in the London "Telegraph" of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, says: "We may perhaps attribute to Sullivan's keen sense of humor, and exquisite sympathy with all things pleasant and cheerful, some part of his remarkable success as a composer of comic opera after the Savoy manner. Much has been said, pro and con, regarding the devotion of the composer to this form of art, and it seems to me that his critics have often overheard the mark. As far as I am myself concerned—though this is of no moment—I should

have been better pleased had Sullivan kept in the higher walks of his art. But like all who take the reasonable view of the matter, I am thankful for the keen and pure enjoyment which his humorous music gave to the tens of thousands who heard it—enjoyment which brought many of those thousands for the first time within the influence and laid them under the spell of what was really true art—the influence of delightful melody, treated with all possible skill and propriety, and instinct with even a finer human spirit than that of Auber. Notwithstanding the reservation aforesaid, I have enjoyed Sullivan's music as much as anybody, and have taken my share of the pleasure which those felt who had no reservation at all. Surely it is no offence for even a great musician to be cheerful himself, or to cultivate cheerfulness in others. 'Tis said Montaigne, 'is continued cheerfulness.' How wise, then, must be the music we have been accustomed to hear in the theater on the Embankment.

A meeting of the directors of the Metropolitan School of Music, Toronto, was held last Saturday afternoon. Among those present were: Mr. Thos. Crawford, M.P.P., president; Mr. Jas. Scott, first vice-president; Mr. W. O. Forsyth, musical director, and others. One of the objects of the meeting was to consider the status of affairs during the present season and plans for the future. A most gratifying report was made. The attendance roll showed a marked increase of pupils over that of all previous seasons, and that in itself was considered as evidence that the work of the institution, in its professional bearing, is highly appreciated by the public. The Christmas holidays will end on January 1, and the re-opening of the season will be marked by the institution of new class work in various departments. "Normal" piano classes, under Mr. W. O. Forsyth, will be organized, and admission to the one-term course may be obtained by "outsiders" as well as pupils of the Metropolitan. As conducted by Mr. Forsyth they are an invaluable aid to young or inexperienced teachers in particular. New classes in elocution and physical culture (and also for dramatic presentation) are to be formed under Miss Lillian Burns.

Miss Lina D. Adamson gave a very successful pupils' recital last Saturday afternoon at her residence. The programme was as follows: Preludes in C minor and D flat major, Chopin; Mr. Atkinson; violin solo, 30th Melody; Tours, Master Gordon Andrews; song, The Bird and the Rose, Miss Alicia Hobson; violin solo, Air Valse, Dancie, Miss Minnie Holliday; song, A Dream, Bartlett; Miss Alicia Hobson; violin solo, Polonaise op. 49, 3rd; Miss Doris Thompson; piano prelude, Rachmaninoff; Mr. Atkinson. Special mention may be made of Miss Doris Thompson, who played the St. Polonaise with freedom of bowing and good intonation. Miss Adamson was assisted by Miss Hobson, who sang with much expression, and Mr. Atkinson, a talented pupil of Mr. Frank Weltsman.

Miss Ethel Webster, a pupil of Mrs. S. H. Bradley, sang recently with great success at Newmarket. The "Era" says: "Miss Webster has a strong soprano voice, under perfect control, and sings with great ease and beautiful expression. The enunciation was very clear, and she possesses a manner free from affectation and yet very prepossessing. She sang three or four times, and was deservedly encored."

According to London "Truth," the Musicians' Union of Berlin, Germany, has just fixed the rate of pay at theaters which have no permanent orchestra and accordingly employ a band only on special occasions. Each member is by the Berlin Musicians' rules to receive on this account four shillings for a week-day and six shillings for Sundays and holidays, with half-price for matinees. If the bands have a permanent engagement their pay is, of course, a great deal lower. And this is in Berlin, the leading city of the Empire. In some of the smaller German towns the pay for the smaller and file of orchestras is said to be twelve and thirteen shillings a week. Toronto players at the theaters get, I believe, a minimum rate of as many dollars. Some account must be taken, however, of the fact that the Toronto season lasts only nine months.

The Town Council of Sheffield, England, have a profound ignorance of musical matters, if the following report is true. They had a debate concerning the subject of Sunday music in one of the local parks. The conductor wished to replace a selection from Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise by a pot-pourri of the Belle of New York. One of the councillors artlessly enquired whether the Belle of New York was good Sunday music. The conductor thought it was quite appropriate to Sunday. Then somebody asked whether it was possible to dance to The Belle music, and was gravely informed it was not. On the further information that it was nothing like the Blue Bells of Scotland opposition collapsed, and the Belle of New York scored a triumph.

Miss Alice M. Robinson, a gifted piano pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, gave a recital on Wednesday evening of last week in the Guild Hall before a repre-

sentative society audience. Miss Robinson surprised everybody present by the brilliancy of her execution, the suavity and grace of her style and the beauty of her touch. Such compositions as Wieniawski's Concert Valse in D flat and the Liszt Rigoletto fantasia, seldom played here, testified to her command of the exceptional difficulties of the keyboard. Various numbers by Chopin and Schumann allowed her to show poetry of reading and a thoughtful and conscientious care for the indications of the composers. Miss Robinson, it is understood, will go shortly to Germany to complete her musical studies. She was assisted by Mr. George Fox, solo violinist; Mr. R. Drummond, baritone, and Miss Grant, soprano, all of whom were enthusiastically received.

Mr. E. C. Wainwright, who has recently opened a studio in this city as teacher of singing and development of speaking voice, is meeting with an increasing demand for his services, as his time is fast filling up. After Christmas week the studio will be reopened January 3.

Last Saturday afternoon, at the Toronto College of Music, the following good programme was given by pupils from advanced and intermediate grades: Raff, La Flûse, Lizzie Westlake; Iginisky, Berceuse, op. 13, Nellie Gilmore; Gray, Dream of Paradise (vocal), Marguerite Cowling; (a) Bach, Prelude, (b) Mendelssohn, Spinning Song, Angela Breen; Barnby, Soft Southern Breeze (vocal), Mr. Somerset; Chopin, Polonaise No. 1, Evelyn Ashworth; Kipling, Recessional, Mr. Bray; Schubert, Andante, Allegretto, Frank Park; Cowan, The Swallow (vocal), Miss Manning; Liddle, Abide With Me (vocal), Winnifred Johnson; (a) Grieg, Papillon, (b) Chopin, Valse, Ethel Kennedy; Massenet, Elegy, Miss Plummer; Macdowell, Witches' Dance, Jessie Allen; Rossini, Una Voce Poco Fa, Bertha Kelly; Schubert, Moments Musical, Lizzie Brehner; Chopin, Nocturne G flat, Cecile Williams; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 14, Allegro, Allegretto.

The London "Musical Courier" of recent date says: "By kind permission of the Countess of Meath a matinee musicale, under Royal patronage, was given at her residence, in aid of the Paddington Deaf and Dumb Children's Home, on Monday, November 12, at 3.30, before a crowded audience. Signor Hermann Dareski, son of the eminent singing master, had the arrangement of it, and achieved distinct success. Three of Prof. Dareski's pupils appeared, viz. Miss Ethel Martin, soprano; Mr. Arthur Winkworth, principal basso of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and Mr. Charles Loder, baritone. The first-named sang, with infinite charm, Miss Janotha's brilliant composition, Ave Maria, the composer accompanying. Among others who contributed were Mr. Brereton, Lady Helen Clifford Mello's band (Signor Marchisio conducting), Mr. Arthur Valenti, Dorothy Lawrence, a talented child, Mr. Arthur Uvedale, who possesses a fine tenor voice; Herr Louis Hintze, who played violin solos most artistically; Signor Valenza, late pianist to H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught; Mr. Frank Le Mone, Miss Greta Williams, who rendered Che Forò very finely; Mr. Watkin Mills, Mme. Rita Velda, Miss Ada Phillips, a fine contralto; the eminent pianist, Miss Janotha, who played two of her own compositions with much skill, and Miss Gertrude Maxted. Signor Hermann Dareski also acted as accompanist, receiving the congratulations of Signor Arditi." The Miss Martin referred to is the daughter of Dr. C. E. Martin of Carlton street, and has many Canadian friends are pleased that she is making a name for herself in London. CHERUBINO.

Dooley on Society.

Mr. Dooley has been discussing "Society" with his friend Mr. Hennessy, the subject being suggested by the New York Horse Show. Mr. Dooley has been telling about the coats worn by some of his friends at the function.

"What has coats got to do with the Horse Show?" said Mr. Hennessy. "Everything," said Mr. Dooley, decisively. "Ye see, Hinnissy, this Horse Show is more iv a clothes show than anything else, bein' on'y a Horse Show be name, an', as Hogan says, if they would on'y put clothes-horses in the ring covered with Paris gowns an' man-milliners' hats, an' imported clothes made by the hands across the sea, an' have them tied around the capable tailors an' vallyans an' milliners an' maids, it would deprive ivry New York husband iv anny strath National Bank securities which he may possibly have saved because th' very gown that his wife coveted happened to go by at th' time when her attinshun was momentarily distracted by watchin' a green hunter thyrin' to lep an eight-foot fence with a row iv Christmas trees on the top iv it."

"I've been wonderin' th' pa-apers, Hinnissy, an' I find that th' Horse Show is th' on'y place where th' awells can get three or four mentions on wan performance. You see, 'tis this way. Th' horse editor takes a man in plain clothes along with him, who puts down a list called 'Among those present.' Then th' society editor says, 'Among those who took occasional promenades around th' ring I noticed th' vivacious Mrs. Percy Onderdonk, who has just returned from leavin' her husband in a sanitarium in time fr th' show.' Then in another part iv th' pa-aper they get her name in as bein' wan iv th' box-holders, an' then in another column along comes th' fashion editor, an' says, 'Mrs. Percy Onderdonk was in a charmin' gown iv blue too! smothered in ostrich feather an' a pitcher hat.' Ye could hardly get more publicity be havin' yer vally sue ye fr 'forgettin' to give him ten years' notice an' then havin' th' X-rays turned on ye be th' opposin' counsel to show that ye swallowed a collar-button in 1868 an' therefore could not be thrusted, thereby gettin' a verdict iv seven thousand dollars again' ye!erself an' yer past life in th' mornin' pa-apers."

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Social and Personal.

A very delightful tea, a notice of which was crowded out last week, was given by Miss Perry, at her home, 11 Walmer road, to present her pretty niece to society. The alterations made by Mr. Perry in the roomy abode in Walmer road have resulted in great added beauty to the house, which was a bower of flowers and resonant with music at the tea-hour on December 10. Roses and palms and all sorts of beautiful flowers lined the hall, the stairs, and embellished the spacious rooms. Miss Perry received in a rich black gown, touched with white, the debutante, all in white mousseline and lace, beside her. In the tea-room a bevy of pretty maidens presided over a flower-crowned tea-table, and everyone voted the tea a great success.

Mrs. Clarkson Jones gave a young folks' dance at her residence, in Queen's Park, on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Beardmore gives a dance for her son, Mr. Charles Beardmore, on December 28. Miss Nora Burnside gave a tea to a few friends on Monday afternoon, at which some of our charming visitors were present. Mr. and Mrs. Ward and Miss Ward, who stopped over a few days in Toronto, en route from the West Coast to England, have continued on their journey. Many friends were delighted to see them in town. Miss Dupont asked some friends to tea to meet Mrs. Ward on Wednesday.

A very pretty house wedding took place on Saturday afternoon at the residence of Mr. W. H. Dudley, in Seaton street, when his only daughter, Miss Edith M. Dudley, was married to Mr. W. C. Adams, son of Captain Adams of Rosedale.

Christmas is taking second place this week with a large section of society whose hearts and thoughts are filled with the home-coming of our soldier-men. Banquets, presentations, home joy and patriotic thrills are tumbling over each other in wild and glorious confusion. Mothers and fathers, wives and sisters are treading on air, eyes are glancing and hearts are beating to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Home." The soldiers who are nearing our city, hour by hour, and who may be here in time to wish us and bring us a merry Christmas, have had welcome from Queen and Prince, and lord and lady, but none will compare with this heart-welcome, some little woman's eager cry, some mother's arms round the weather-tanned neck, and the kisses of children on the lips that have folded over the sighs for such a welcome and opened to cheer for the charge that might lead to death. Surely never has Toronto seen such a Christmas as many will see next week, when our brave soldiers sit by their "ain firesides" once more!

Miss Dupont gave a tea to a small number of friends at her residence in Madison avenue, bidden to meet Mrs. Ward of Victoria, B.C., on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Wallbridge gave a small tea to a few girl friends on the same afternoon. Colonel and Mrs. J. B. McLean were in town for the Dundonald wedding, at which an unusual number of friends from other cities were present. Mr. and Mrs. Riddell are spending the festive season in Cobourg. Mrs. Riddell's mother's home. Mrs. Kison of Kingston and Miss Moule are guests of Miss Beardmore, at Chudleigh. Mrs. John H. Stratford is en pension at 192 Simcoe street for the winter. Mrs. Parkin will not receive until after the holidays.

Mrs. R. S. Wilson's pretty home in Bloor street west was the rendezvous of a large number of ladies on last Friday afternoon. Mrs. Frederick Fenton, one of the autumn brides and sister of the hostess, was the guest of honor. Mrs. Wilson received her guests in a very pretty gown of gray crepe and lace, with touches of blue velvet. Mrs. Fenton wore a beautiful gown of green and white brocade, richly trimmed with lace. The tea-table was prettily done in yellow and white, where the Misses Elizabeth Dixon, Flo Lowndes, Eva Gage, Louise Nudell and Daisy Ashley-Dunnet were most attentive to the wants of the guests. An orchestra supplied the music, and the pretty house was artistically decorated with palms, smilax and yellow and white 'mums. Some of those present were Mrs. Todhunter, Mrs. Charles Sheard, Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Fred Gray, Mrs. Sheridan and her pretty daughter, Mrs. Grey; Mrs. MacLennan, Mrs. N. L. Young, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mrs. R. S. Williams, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Frederick Cox, Mrs. William Gage, Mrs. N. Harvey Lee, Mrs. Edward Cox, Mrs. Arthur McMaster, Mrs. G. B. Smith, and many others.

Mrs. Humphrey and Mr. Sears of Pembroke street are passing the holidays at "Heathfield," Kingston.

Mrs. J. B. Harris of 119 Tyndall avenue, Parkdale, has issued cards for a reception in Christmas week, in honor of her English visitors.

Ashlar Lodge has decided to hold its Annual Reunion at McConkey's Assembly Rooms on Friday, January 25. It was a delightful success last season, and it is even more promising this.

The Commercial Travellers' concert this season is to be held on Friday evening, 28th inst., in Massey Hall, and will be of unusual interest. The talent is all first class, including Mrs. H. M. Blight, Mrs. Wyman, Mrs. Edmonds, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. Owen A. Smyly, Mr. James Fax and Miss Jessie Alexander. The arrangement of the programme is in the hands of Mrs. H. M. Blight, Toronto's favorite organist, who will give an organ recital of fifteen minutes' duration to open the programme. Miss Alexander, Mr. Smyly and Mr. Fax will give recitations, and it is only necessary to say they will be of their own composition or selection, to guarantee their superior merit.

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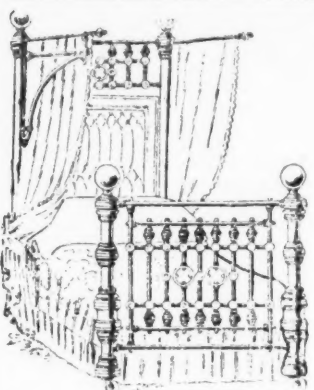
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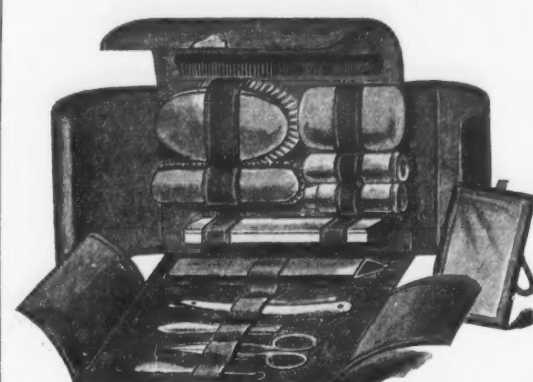
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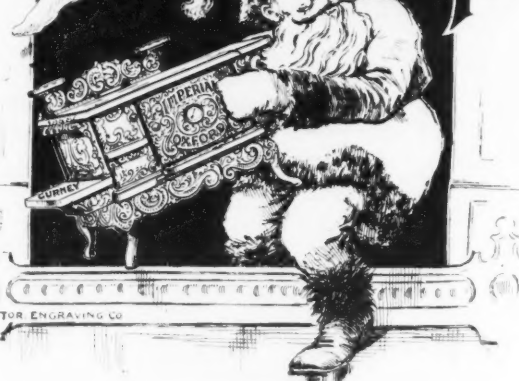
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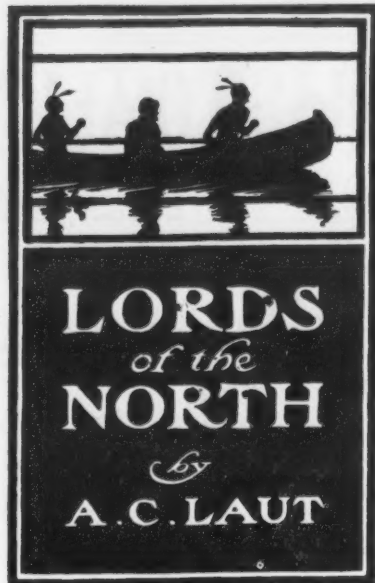
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The adventures of that true knight of New World chivalry, Rufus Gillespie, make a prose epic—a story of love and adventure, of chivalry, conflict and conquest. There is also the pathos that tugs at the heart-strings long after we lay down the book. It recalls "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," and contains the atmosphere, vigor and charm of Washington Irving and Francis Parkman. The author has succeeded in writing a romance without mis-writing history.

There has been a great output of historical novels during the last few years, many of them tempting us to say, as did the curate in Don Quixote: 'Out of the window with it!' but this we desire to keep inside and read as long as the window holds its light for our eyes."

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The Dundee Advertiser says:—
"Temperance Tribbey... is a splendid creation as, indeed, are most of Miss Woods' actors, and her many witty and wise remarks lighten up and add to, what is from first to last an absorbing tale."

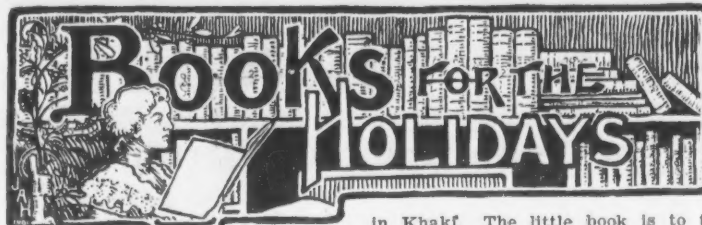
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THE publication of *Lords of the North*, in New York and Toronto (the Canadian edition bearing the imprint of William Briggs), a novel of great brilliancy and power—brings into the small but brilliant group of Canadian novelists a new and striking personality. Miss Agnes C. Laut, young though she is, has already won an enviable reputation as a journalist. She began newspaper life as editorial writer on the Manitoba "Free Press." Three years ago she left Winnipeg for New York, where the winter was spent writing for the New York "Sun," "Post," and newspaper syndicates. The next summer found Miss Laut in Quebec, reporting the International Conference for the New York "Post," "Review of Reviews," and the Montreal "Herald." Thence she proceeded to the Treaty Shore of Newfoundland and Labrador, writing a series of articles which appeared in the New York "Herald" and "Post," the Montreal "Herald," and the London "Westminster Review." Last winter Miss Laut spent in New York, and the past summer on the Pacific Coast, camping and exploring in the Rocky Mountains, articles from her pen appearing in the "Graphic," Sir George Newnes' "Traveller," and other London and New York papers. While in Winnipeg, and during these frequent trips, the material embodied in *Lords of the North* was gathered. The extraordinary strength of the story, its vivid pictures of the wild, adventurous life of voyageurs and trappers, with enough stiff fighting and spirited love-making to satisfy the most ardent, make one wonder that it could have come from other than a masculine hand.

Lord Jim, Joseph Conrad's latest creation in fiction (Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.) has won unstinted praise from the critics of Canada, Great Britain and the United States. The Manchester "Guardian" says: "It is a book to make the world wider and deeper, a piece of life, not over-vivid, but full of color. Greatly conceived and finely executed." The New York "Times Saturday Review" says: "I venture to say that no book like it has ever before been published in the English language. . . . The book ought to place Mr. Conrad at the head of all English short story writers, with the solitary exception of Mr. Kipling." Such praise is merited only by the work of a true genius and points to a book one can select with confidence from the great mass of contemporary works of fiction.

Those who followed Miss Wood's charming tale, *A Daughter of Witches*, as it appeared serially, will be interested to hear of its success in England. The London "World" says: "The Daughter of Witches contains much clever character drawing, and is noticeable also for its homely pathos and for some beautiful descriptive writing. The story, in many places idyllic, ends in tragedy, and the terrible fate that befalls the imperious Vashli is described in a particularly powerful, impressive fashion." Those who have not as yet read the book should become acquainted with this latest work by this clever Canadian writer, who has already achieved an enviable reputation as a contributor to many leading magazines. Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co. are the Canadian publishers.

A curious story is told regarding the publication of one of the most popular novels of the day. Some months ago a publisher heard that Mr. John M. Lloyd had written a remarkable story. The publisher begged permission to see it, and on reading it immediately recognized it as a novel of great force, individuality and interest. The story was called *Stringtown on the Pike*, and was serialized in the "Bookman." So great was its effect and so instant, that before the date of publication in book form 10,000 copies had been sold and five editions were issued within a month. This extraordinary popularity is accounted for by the fact that the characters are absolutely alive and truthful to the last degree. In perfect portrayal of some of those characters that make up the South and West, the book is unrivalled.

A handy pocket reference annual and memorandum book combined has been issued by the Dominion Brewery Co. to its patrons and friends. The little volume contains a wealth of useful information. It is neatly bound in Russia leather and will be prized by anyone who is so fortunate as to receive one.

Amongst the many books for children issued for Christmas, one of the most striking is *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, by L. Frank Baum, with pictures by W. W. Denslow (Chicago and New York, Geo. M. Hill & Co.; Toronto, Geo. J. McLeod). This book of modern fairy tales of a moral character is gotten up with a wealth of brightly colored illustration, and is handsomely bound in strong cloth covers, and comprises over 250 pages. On the principle that the modern child seeks only entertainment in its wonder tales and gladly dispenses with the horrible and blood-curdling elements of many old-fashioned fairy books, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* is devoid of heart-aches and nightmares. After a hasty examination of the book we are strongly predisposed in its favor and heartily recommend it to the attention of parents and others having to provide reading matter for youthful minds.

Mr. E. T. B. Gillmore, of Ottawa, has brought out a small brochure of his own verse, entitled *Maple Leaves*

in Khaki. The little book is to the smallest detail of illustration and design Mr. Gillmore's own work. The verses are nearly all of a patriotic and martial character. They display considerable facility, but are not without blemishes that should have been eliminated. Mr. Gillmore has contributed several stirring poems to "Saturday Night," the best of which, *The Lesson of the War*, is not included in the present booklet. *Maple Leaves* in Khaki sells at fifteen cents retail, and is designed to take the place of Christmas cards and calendars for friends abroad.

The Rev. J. W. McGarvey, president of the Bible College at Lexington, Ky., mistaking the motif of *The Reign of Law* to be theological rather than ethical, has declared Mr. James Lane Allen's book (Toronto, Copp, Clark Company) to be a slander on the Bible College and a stab at the author's Alma Mater. This opinion was recently expressed in an address delivered by Mr. McGarvey, in which he said, among other things:

"I found that the hero of this story, who, as I could readily see, was made up largely from his (the author's) own experiences, was said to have been a student of the College of the Bible in the sessions of 1866 and 1867; to have become an infidel, partly because of the way in which the Bible was taught in the college, and to have been expelled from both the college and the church. The university is also said to have been visited afterward with a storm of sectarian strife that left it a ruin which will stay a ruin. Not one of these statements is true. The faculty of the College of the Bible has never to this day dismissed a student for becoming an infidel. To charge their method of teaching the Scriptures with having such an effect is a calumny of the most injurious kind; for nothing could more completely ruin its reputation if generally believed. And as to the university, instead of having become 'a ruin that will remain a ruin,' it is now more extensively patronized, and more widely known, than in any former year of its existence."

From this point Mr. McGarvey enters upon a discussion of the book from a theological point of view.

The new Canadian Almanac, which forms the fifty-fourth of the series, has just been issued. It is unusually valuable, and is indispensable to every office and library in the Dominion. Many of the lists given are not found elsewhere, and in no other volume can so much information about Canada be found in so small a space. In this year of military activity special attention has been given to military matters in the Dominion—a complete militia list, war service of officers of Canadian militia, alphabetical list of reserve officers, officers of staff and permanent corps, Canadian troops sent to South Africa, list of killed in action, died of wounds, fever or otherwise, in South Africa; also an interesting article on the British army, giving among other items a complete list of the battles in South Africa, with the number of killed, wounded and missing in each camp; also an article on the British Navy, and an account of the new United States Navy, all of which are intensely interesting to those who wish to keep abreast of the times. The results of the elections both in Canada and Britain are given. A short description is given of the British Government, with a list of the principal officials, and a brief account of the offices. The new Dominion House of Commons will be found in full, with a list of the elected and defeated candidates. The Provincial Governments are also given, with a list of legislatures and principal government offices. The customs tariff and the postoffice directory and gazetteer are revised to date. As a directory the Canadian Almanac is unsurpassed. Full lists are given of the clergy of all denominations, societies and institutions, schools, colleges and universities, barristers and solicitors in Ontario, county and municipal officers, townships, cities, towns and villages, division court clerks, police magistrates, etc. Astronomical information, tables and statistics, tide tables, and general information of all kinds, are included. The Historical Diary, which has been such an interesting feature for the past few years, is continued. Price in paper covers, 400 pages, 25 cents. Published by the Copp, Clark Company (Limited), Toronto, Ont.

Unusually creditable Christmas numbers have been issued by both "Acta Victoriana," the students' paper of Victoria University, and the "Varsity," the students' paper of Toronto University. They are handsomely illustrated, and contain a great many interesting literary features, contributed by leading Canadian writers. The binding in each case is strikingly handsome. "Acta Victoriana" has a greenish cream cover, printed in cardinal, green and gold, while "Varsity" has a khaki cover, printed in dark blue and gold, with a band of the college colors (white and blue) running diagonally across the upper left-hand corner.

Oscar Wilde Not Effeminate.

San Francisco "Town Talk." Oscar Wilde would probably have had more sympathizers if he had never been a faker. As an apostle of the aesthetic he was to become the target for all kinds of ridicule, providing the box-office receipts were plentiful. Nobody took him seriously. When he came to this city on his memorable tour of the world he was the guest of the Bohemian Club, and it was soon discovered that he was not the effeminate chap he affected. Several of the most convivial members undertook to sup-

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A Love Story of Old Madrid
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ply him with a jag, but their efforts were not successful, for while they became gloriously full, he remained placidly sober and yet he never missed a round of drinks. Later on Tom Williams and Ross Jackson were appointed a committee to chaperon Wilde through Chinatown for the purpose of loading him up on Chinese gin. He swallowed all of that combustible liquid that was given him, and, as Jackson afterwards expressed it, he never turned a hair.

Canada's Beauty Spots.

What Our American Cousins Think of the Highlands of Ontario.

The large influx of tourist travel from the United States that made its way up into that beau ideal region reached by the Grand Trunk Railroad, and known as "The Highlands of Ontario," has brought a constant stream of letters to the general offices at Montreal, since the tourist season closed, all of which speak in words of praise of the magnificent country that Canada possesses, and which is becoming so well known to the travelling public through the efforts of the Grand Trunk in advertising these northern districts by means of a generous distribution of literature, and the display of large photographic reproduction showing the country in a realistic and true way. One Chicago lady who took the trip through the Muskoka Lakes and Lake of Bays, and down the Magnetawan River, thence through the Thirty Thousand Islands of the Georgian Bay, speaks in glowing terms of the delights and beauties of this—one of nature's pleasure grounds. In a letter addressed to Mr. W. E. Davis, passenger traffic manager, she says: "We followed the directions you gave us during the entire trip. Our tickets were given honor, and the most courteous attention was shown to us all along the Grand Trunk in every respect. We feel greatly indebted to you for the door you so kindly opened to us, disclosing Canada's wonderful stronghold of beautiful scenes that beggar description. I cannot yet, here in this city, pass the Chicago office of the Grand

Trunk Railway without feeling a thrill; and again there is brought before me the haze-covered islands, and blue waters of beautiful Muskoka. I hear the splash of oars, and see girls in summer attire, stepping into birch canoes, calling from landing to landing in the gloaming; I feel a swift rush of strong air on my face, and I am climbing the heights of some wild promontory on the Lake of Bays, or swinging from a wide armed chair from the deck of the Wonaiah. I watch the stirring of the lily pads, first on one side and then on the other of the winding Magnetawan; or suddenly I am transported to the broad piazza of the Belvidere, at Pary Sound, and the sun, a globe of fire, is dropping into Georgian Bay, and the sky, and the waters, and the wooded islands are dyed by it, and into the glory the white sails of a yacht slip noiselessly, and then disappear. "There are no words to picture the wonderful fairy-like region that stretches from Muskoka wharf to the Magnetawan River, and is circled by the Georgian Bay with its wooded islands. And he who enters this region will pass out of it wonderfully silent, but he knows to a certainty where the next summer will find him."

Thousands in Canada have no idea of the wealth of beautiful scenery which their own country contains, and a trip on the magnificent, island-dotted lakes of Muskoka, a sail on the beautiful Lake of Bays, or a day spent on the Magnetawan River, would touch that artistic sense which Nature's beauties awaken in the soul of man.

He Must Have.

She was a famous "healer" and she had converted the Major's wife, and at her earnest request the Major had consented to be cured of swearing by Christian science methods. The healer sat on one side of him and his wife on the other, in silence. Each held one of the Major's hands. The minutes ticked into a half hour, the healer looked rapt, and finally the Major's wife ventured: "How do you feel now, Major?" "Like a damn fool, my dear!"—*"Broadway Magazine."*

The Great Palmistry Fakir.

A CORRESPONDENT from the gay French capital confirms the report lately in circulation to the effect that Cheiro, the chiromancer, was ignominiously ejected from an Embassy reception in Paris, by order of the Ambassador, General Porter. The palmist had been invited to the reception by General Porter's wife and daughter, who were among Cheiro's most devoted adherents. But the United States Ambassador did not like the way the Oriental conducted himself at the function, and accelerated his departure therefrom in a manner more practical than poetic. Cheiro has been the rage in Paris for some time past and has been particularly petted by the feminines of the "American" colony, who admired his peculiar beauty even more than his palm divinations. Two years ago, Cheiro was the fad in London, whence he went after exhausting his vogue on this side of the ocean. Chicago, before, had been wild over him, both men and women of the windy city paying five dollars for a half hour's reading of their palms. Cheiro is said to have read no less than one hundred thousand palms since he started his professional journeyings. He must have amassed a considerable fortune.

The palmist is a striking looking man, very tall and athletic in build. His face is long and strongly featured and his black hair is worn slantwise across his brow in the manner of Richard Fernald. His eyes, curiously enough, are not black, but green. Cheiro's real name is Count de Hammon and he has the blood of three nations in his veins, France, Greece, and Ireland, though he was born in England. His parents intended him for a clergyman, but he would not follow their wishes. At the age of seventeen he went to India to study palmistry, a science in which he early displayed an interest, with the Hindus. Stranded in Cairo, he began to read palms for a living, and after that he published his famous book on palmistry. Cheiro owns a ring, given him by a Hindoo prophet, which is over fourteen hundred years old. He wears it on his first finger. The ring is of heavy gold and is set with three scarabs, the world, the flesh, and the devil.

The Tale of a Pincushion Cat.

"The pincushion cat on the nursery shelf, Sat up there alone by his little self, And he sat there many a day, For the toys just snubbed him—one and all— And they never asked him to play."

A giggling doll looked up with a gig, (She had lost one eye and a bit of a wig, But what did she care for that? She still had a beautiful pink silk dress— And was saucy enough to cause distress To the little pincushion cat.)

"My gracious!" she cried, "but you do look queer, With those shining pins all over you, dear, And you must have a thrilling thrill When one of them sticks in a vital part, Your lungs, or liver, or maybe your heart, And causes the saw-dust to spill."

"It strikes me," she said, with a winsome grin, "You resemble a porcupine turned outside in. And rather a poor one at that; You're so long-suffering, really, you know, So awfully funny, yet awfully slow, I wonder you pass for a cat."

And the Brownie dude added one taunt more From where he stood on the nursery floor, With his trousers so sweetly creased, "Ah! my friend," he spoke in a drawing tone, "I do assure you you stand quite alone As a most peculiar beast."

Then the pin-cushion cat, perched up on high, Turned down a wrathful shoe-button eye, And he grew alarmingly red, "I may be a porcupine all turned in— A poor one at that—it's hardly a sin—I am slow, but useful," he said.

"One must be a very peculiar beast— To let other people alone (the least)— To let other people alone." But the answer he got was a frozen stare, For the gay little doll and the dude down there Seemed suddenly turned to stone.

—VIRNA SHEARD.

Beautiful Lamps and Globes.

A fine assortment of decorated globes, gas lamps, student coal oil lamps, etc., suitable for Christmas presents, at G. & J. Murray's, 224 Yonge street. Agents for the Auer lights, "complete, one dollar." Tel. 1121.

Oriental Writers.

From the many and various editions of the "Rubalat" which have been produced and the manner in which faddists of all kinds have seized upon the poem, the unenlightened might be justified in concluding that Persia, ancient and modern, had produced but one author, Omar Khayyam, and but one poem, the "Rubalat." But in Asia the conditions in literary matters are very similar to those of Europe, making due allowance for Oriental slowness and lack of method. Nor is that part of the world destitute of a book market. In some parts of the East printing, book-selling and journalism have been developed to a comparatively high degree. Constantinople and Cairo both have excellent printing plants, and these cities are by no means the only ones. None the less, Persia depends entirely upon lithography, for the native production of books and journals, which are very rare. At the beginning of the present century a press and movable type were set up at Tabriz and some books printed, but the effort met with no encouragement and was soon abandoned. There are two reasons for this, neither of which tends to make an argument for proof of ignorance or illiteracy: One is that to the Persian the absolutely straight lines of the printed page are inartistic; the other, that the individuality and character of the letter is lost in the work produced by mechanical processes. The Persian esteems the great calligraphers and likes best a well-written manuscript, in which he takes the same pleasure as we do in the paintings of the old masters. If he cannot have this he prefers a lithic which is the facsimile of the writing of a good scribe, and has a human element in it.

Built By Loving Hearts.

EIGHT years ago the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, was in a most precarious financial position. Only a few sanguine friends believed that the huge debt of over \$106,000 would ever be lifted from it. A prominent Montreal financier, when asked to loan money and hold as security on mortgage the hospital, enquired as to the suitability of the building for "factory purposes." Perhaps it was his remarks as much as anything else that helped the brave ones who stood by the hospital. The very idea of such a possibility stirred the hearts and spurred the efforts of those to whom the hospital work had become dear.

Here is a hospital—they said through the newspapers—which throws open its doors in answer to the cry of any sick child, a hospital that has nursed and cured thousands of helpless



A GROUP OF NURSES, SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

and crippled children; a hospital equipped as is no other institution of its kind in the world. Shall a charity so sweet and deserving be forced to close its doors by a mortgagee who thinks it might do for a mill?

That was eight years ago. Not before since was a single sick child been refused admission to the hospital. A staff of doctors and a corps of trained nurses are there during the day and the long watches of the night—tenderly and skilfully caring for the little ones given into their care by fond, anxious parents. Little children are brought to the hospital from the farthest points of the province. Every town and township has been represented during the past quarter century. During twenty-five years 40,000 sick children have been taken care of. Some of the little ones treated in

those early days are strong, healthy men and women to-day.

Last year the hospital roll numbered 5,776 patients. Some spent days and weeks in the cots at the hospital. Others came for a few days, while many were brought to the doors of the hospital in the arms of their mothers and received such medicine and advice as to speedily effect a cure in their own homes. More than one-third of the little children admitted to the hospital wards came from places outside the city.

It costs over \$30,000 each year to maintain the hospital. About \$100 a day is needed to buy food, medicine, surgical appliances and nursing for this army of little ones—146 patients being in the cots at the end of this fiscal year.

An appeal is being made by the Hospital Trustees this year for \$19,000—the sum required to entirely free the hospital of its debt.

In a letter to the editor of this paper Mr. J. Ross Robertson says that the hospital has many well-wishers

among our readers who have given practical voice to their sympathy in past years. He believes that they will respond cheerily and generously this year to the call for help. They want to end the century free of debt—that on the morning of the first day of the Twentieth Century there shall stand free, a monument to man's generosity to countless sick children—an imperishable gift of love from the men and women of the Nineteenth Century to little ones specially confided to our care. More than 10,000 donors contributed to the maintenance and reduction of the hospital debt last year. Nearly half of these donations were single dollars.

Donations may be sent to Mr. Robertson, or to Douglas Davidson, Secretary-Treasurer, Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.

The Health Habit

Just as Easy to Form as Any Other.

We do not deliberately form our pet habits, but they are unconsciously acquired and grow as we grow, and by the time we learn they are hurting us we find them too strong to be easily broken.

Then, why not form a good habit, a habit which will counteract the many bad ones, in other words, the unfashionable habit of being always well.

The best health habit to get into is to have and keep a vigorous stomach; if you have a healthy digestion you can drink your beloved coffee, smoke your favorite brand of tobacco, with little or no harm. The mischief begins when these things are forced upon the faithful stomach, without any assistance.

Form the habit of taking after meals some harmless but efficient digestive which will relieve the stomach of so much extra work.

Nature furnishes us with digestives, and when they are combined in such a pleasant preparation as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, they give the over-worked stomach just the necessary assistance to secure perfect digestion without any of the harmful effects of cathartics and similar drugs.

The habit of taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after meals is as necessary to the weak stomach as food itself; and, indeed, to get the benefit from food eaten, nothing better, and certainly nothing safer, can be used.

Many families consider Stuart's Tablets as essential in the house as knives and forks.

They consist entirely of natural digestive principle, without the effect or characteristics of drugs; they have no cathartic action, but simply go to work on the food eaten and digest it.

Take into account your bad habits and the expense they entail, and then invest fifty cents in a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and see if your digestion for the next month is not vastly improved.

Ask the clerk in any drug store the name of the most successful and popular stomach remedy, and he will say Stuart's.



Mr. Cooper is not a believer in signs, but he admits there are some coincidences where they are very striking.

The Art of Criticism.

HAVING found that, in order to associate comfortably with my intellectual friends, I must be able to talk intelligently on at least one of the fine arts, I settled down to a course of study, and, though I am still as far as ever from a true grasp of the fundamentals of any art, I have discovered the whole secret of effective criticism, and in order that everyone else may profit by my discovery, I am now going to give it to the world.

I have always been fond of painting and resolved to devote myself to an appreciation of that form of art. With this end in view, I visited an exhibition of the recent productions of Bistero, the already immortal painter of A Hoot from Hades. But although I studied his works humbly, I was unable to get a sufficient grasp of his subtle art, and, consequently, turned to the art critics. The first criticism I found read as follows:

"I never see a picture by Bistero without being reminded of the music of Filimflamski, the great Polish composer. I find in his colors the same penetrating minors and the same crashing majors. His yellows have the same allegretto movement, and the vibratory quality of his middle distance is to me a pictorial representation of the intermezzo in Filimflamski's Eleventh Opus. Et cetera, etc."

As I am no musician, I saw at once that, in order to appreciate Bistero, I must give some attention to music. Full of this conviction, I attended a recital of the music of Filimflamski, and, being still in the dark, I turned to the musical critics for assistance. This is what I found:

"Filimflamski is, beyond a doubt, a thorough realist. Norris Hamlin himself never got nearer to nature with his brutal phrasing and accentuation of local color than has this magician of sounds in his Steenth Nocturne. It reeks of the earth, of ploughed land in the springtime, the plash of equinoctial rains, and the howling of un-housed cattle on the windy side of a barn, etc."

Clearly my only resource was to study realistic literature and work back from it through music to painting. I took a week off and diligently read the masterpieces of Norris Hamlin, but in the end I was forced to turn to the literary critics to find where I was at. The first I turned to took me gently by the hand and taught me thus:

"Norris Hamlin draws his characters with the same firmness of outline that we find in the paintings of Bistero. He lays on his colors with the same fearless abandonment to the controlling emotion, and his portrayals have the same bewildering depth of perspective. Etc."

When I read this I drew a deep breath. A moment's thought, however, sufficed to show me, as it must show every impartial reader, that the whole secret of criticism is to describe the productions of one branch of art in the terminology or patter of another. By doing this you can conceal your ignorance of what is being discussed, and give the impression that you are familiar with another form of art. Could anything be simpler?—Peter McArthur in New York "Life."

Somatose

A TASTELESS ODORLESS NUTRIENT MEAT POWDER

It contains all the albuminoid principles of the meat in an easily soluble form. It has been extensively employed and found to be of the greatest service in Consumption and diseases of the stomach. It is of great value in convalescence from all diseases.

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Sole Agency and depot in Canada for all BAYER'S Pharmaceutical Products (Wholesale only)

GOURLAY WINTER & LEEMING

188 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

SACRIFICE SALE OF MUSIC BOXES.

Talking About Xmas Presents

WHAT SAY YOU TO A

REGINA Music Box

at \$38.50

A box that plays thousands of tunes by means of changeable metal tunesheets. We supply 6 of these tunes free with each Box and you can buy as many extra tunes as you like for a few cents each. We sell these Boxes for \$10.00 cash down and the balance in payments of \$5.00 per month; or, we will give 10 per cent. discount for cash. Write us at once, as the Sacrifice Sale is now on.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Palms, Holly, Mistletoe

AND OTHER Xmas Decorations

KENTIA BELMOREANA

HOLLY, with nice green leaves and plenty of red berries, by mail postpaid, per lb., 25c.; 5 lbs. for \$1.00.

MISTLETOE, best English, in boxes, 30c. and 50c., postpaid.

BOUQUET GREEN WREATHING, 25 yards for \$1.00; 50 yards for \$1.50; by express at purchasers expense.

PAMPAS FEUMES, 4 for 50c., postpaid.

WHAT IS NICER FOR A XMAS PRESENT THAN A FINE PALM?

Palm, Kentia Belmoreana, 12 to 15 inches high	\$1.00
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.40
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	3.50
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	6.25
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1.25
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	2.50

Boston Sward Ferns, nice plants, 25c., \$1.00 and \$3.00 each.

Arizocaria Excellea (Norfolk Island) tree, \$1.25 each.

Azaleas, to bloom at Xmas and New Year, \$1.00 each.

Rubber Plants, nicely furnished stock, 60c. each.

The STEEL BRIGGS SEED CO.

TORONTO, ONT. Limited

Hypocrisy.

Chauncey—Boss, I'm a mizzable hypocrit. Citizen—How so? Chauncey—I look like thirty cents, an' I ain't got it.—"Broadway."

FALSE REPORT

MADAME LA BELLE
(PRENNER)

The Great European Complexion Specialist

111-113 KING ST. WEST

says she is going to stay; she likes Canada; Toronto is a beautiful city and the women lovely. Her work has been appreciated. She thanks the ladies for their kindly attention in the past, and hopes still more patronage will be extended to her.

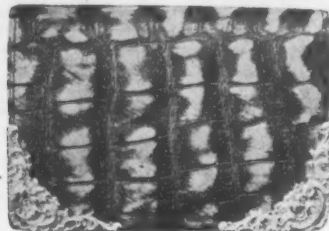
Madame La Belle is now giving a Christmas gift of her own preparation with every order or every treatment. Have your skin improved. Lines and wrinkles removed. Superfluous hair destroyed by her latest methods; your finger nails maintained; your toes taken out painlessly, then you'll feel good, look well and be perfectly happy for the holiday. Office Hou's, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Classes open for Students. Tel. 5611.

Madame La Belle to-day.



Finger Purses

No. 3 - Real Pigskin - \$3.00
No. 4 - Real Alligator - 3.50
No. 5 - Real Lizard - 5.00



Combination Purse and Card Cases

Real Alligator

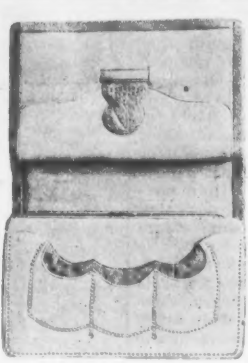
TAN, GREY, HELIOTROPE, BLUE

Real Seal

IN GREY, CHOCOLATE, TAN, BLACK, CEDAR

No. 6 - Wide design, Calf lined, Price - \$3.50
No. 7 - Narrow design, Calf lined, Price - 3.50
No. 8 - Real Seal lined, Calf tipped, Price, \$3.50
No. 9 - Same as No. 8, extra pocket. Price, \$4

INITIAL MOUNTINGS in Brass and Sterling Silver, Prices 25c., 50c., \$1.



Combination Purse and Card Cases

Real Sea Lion

No. 10 - In Gray, Black, Tan, Calf Lined, Deep Frame. Price - \$6.00.

Real Seal

IN BLACK, CEMENT, CHOCOLATE, GREEN, BROWN

No. 11 - Same as No. 10. In Real Seal, Gray, Chocolate, Black. Price - \$5.00.
No. 12 - Calf Lined, Seal Tipped, wide pattern. Price - \$2.00.
No. 13 - Narrow design, same as No. 12. Price - \$2.00.

INITIAL MOUNTINGS in Brass and Sterling, Prices 25c., 50c., \$1.



Finger Purses

No. 14 - Real Seal - \$1.50, \$1.75
No. 15 - Real Walrus - \$1.7 5, \$1.0
No. 16 - Real Sea Lion - \$2.25, \$2.50.

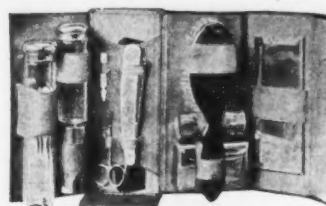
IN GRAY, BLACK, TAN, CHOCOLATE



Traveling Cribbage Set

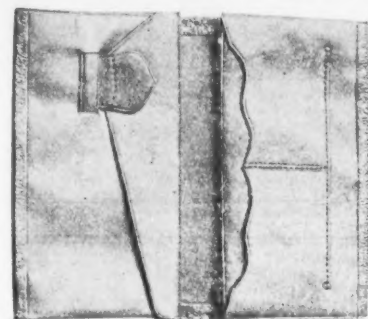
COMPLETE WITH POLISHED BOARDS, PEGS AND GILT-EDGED CARDS

No. 17 - Real Morocco - \$2.00
No. 18 - Real Seal - 2.50
No. 19 - Real Sea Lion - 2.75
No. 20 - Real Alligator - 3.00



Dress Case Ladies' or Gents'

No. 29 - PRICE - \$8.00.
No. 30 - Ebony Fittings. Price, \$10.00.
No. 31 - Seal Grain Case, good articles, Price, \$8.



Men's Card Cases

IN BLACK, GRAY, TAN

No. 21 - Like cut. Real Seal, Calf Lined. Price, \$1.25.
No. 22 - Like cut. Real Morocco. Price, \$1.10.
No. 23 - Without tuck. Real Seal. Price, 75c.

Men's Letter Cases Men's Bill Books

Prices \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$4 Prices \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$4



Flat Collar and Cuff Cases

No. 24 - Strap Leather, in Olive Brown. Price \$1.50
No. 25 - Real Seal Grain, in Brown, Green. Price 2.00
No. 26 - Real Morocco, in Black, Green. Price 3.00
No. 27 - Real Seal, in Chocolate, Black. Price 4.00
No. 28 - Real Bison, in Gray, Black. Price 4.00

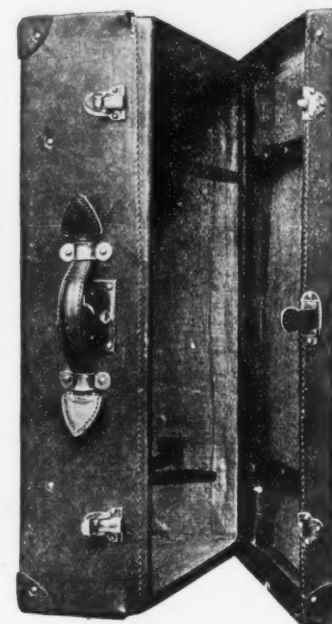


Lawyers' Brief Bags

No. 32 - \$1.75, \$5.00. No. 33 - \$6.00, \$6.2

Physicians' Surgical Bags

No. 34 - \$1.75, \$5. No. 35 - \$6.25.



Suit Cases

No. 46 - Linen lined, 24 inch - \$7.50.
No. 47 - Linen lined, 24 inch, same as cut - \$10.
No. 48 - Leather lined, 24 inch, same as cut, \$12.



Traveling Bags

Real Alligator - \$7.50, \$8.00, \$12.00, \$14.00, \$16.00.
Grain Leather - \$3.00, \$5.00, \$7.00, \$9.00, \$10.10.

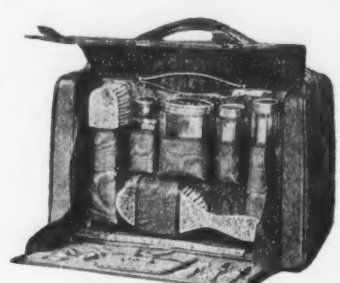
Showing numerous suggestions for gifts will be sent you on request.



Writing Folios

No. 36 - Real Morocco - Price - \$ 6.00
No. 37 - Real Seal Grain - " - 3.00
No. 38 - Real Seal - " - 10.00

OTHER VALUES \$1.00 to \$15.00



Fitted Dressing Bags

No. 44 - Same as cut, Sterling - \$25.00.
No. 45 - Fitted Club Bag for Ladies. 18 inch - \$16.00.

OTHER VALUES \$1.00 to \$65.00

Novelty Ink Bottles

Hat Shapes - Price, 3c.
Bag Shapes - Price, 25c.
Football - Price, 25c.
Assorted Shapes, Prices - 35c., 50c., 60c., 75c., 85c., \$1.00.



Ladies' Shopping Bags

No. 41 - Seal, Grain, Black or Olive. 9 in. - \$2.25; 10 in. - \$2.50.

No. 42 - Real Morocco, Black, Tan. 9 in. - \$3.25; 10 in. - \$3.50.

No. 43 - Real Seal, Black, Chocolate, Green. 9 in. - \$4.50; 10 in. - \$5.00.

Ye Old Firm of Heintzman & Co.

Xmas Bargains in Pianos & Organs

Easy Terms for Everyone

An opportunity that has the real spirit of Christmas about it. We help you to own a piano—make prices so little that there can be no obstacle in the way. Make terms so easy that you will have no difficulty in paying for it. These instruments have been somewhat used, but every one is put in good condition by our experienced workmen before we offer them for sale.

PIANO BARGAINS

A beautiful piano, Howard, of Cincinnati, as good as new, a cabinet grand upright, antique oak finish, full iron frame, 71 octaves, manufacturer's price \$450. Our price \$275, \$20 cash and \$5 a month.
Worthwhile piano, in splendid condition, dark walnut case, 71 octaves, manufacturer's price \$450. Our price \$275, \$20 cash and \$5 a month.
Colonial Uxbridge piano, very handsome, 48 high, walnut case, full iron frame, good as new, manufacturer's price \$400. Our price \$250, \$20 cash and \$5 a month.
Heintzman & Co. upright piano, in good condition, 71 octaves, catalogue price, \$450. Our price now \$285, \$15 cash and \$6 a month.
Gerhard Heintzman & Co. upright piano, 44 high, dark case, manufacturer's price \$375. Our price \$265, \$10 cash and \$5 a month.
Chickering square piano, in fine condition, a really excellent instrument, good case and attractive looking, manufacturer's price \$350. Our price \$275, \$5 cash and \$5 a month.

ORGAN BARGAINS

Dominion Organ, high back, magnificent-looking instrument, 12 stops, manufacturer's price \$100. Our price \$10, \$5 cash and \$1 a month.
Doherty Organ, high back, good as new, 12 stops, manufacturer's price \$150. Our price \$65, \$5 cash and \$4 a month.
Bell Organ, large mirror in top, beautifully designed case, almost new, 11 stops, manufacturer's price \$125. Our price \$55, \$5 cash and \$3 a month.
Doherty Organ, high back, one of the best made by this firm, 11 stops, manufacturer's price \$125. Our price \$65, \$5 cash and \$4 a month.
Another Doherty Organ, in first-class condition, manufacturer's price \$110. Our price \$35, \$4 cash and \$3 a month.
Doherty Organ, with imitation pipe top, 6 octaves, a splendid instrument, manufacturer's price \$175. Our price \$85, \$6 cash and \$4 a month.

Ye Old Firm of

HEINTZMAN & CO.

115-117 King St. West, Toronto

Social and Personal.

Once again a thoughtful and capable hostess, a charming house party and an ideal house for a dance were combined to give the young folks an evening's enjoyment, when Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House entertained on Tuesday evening. The hostess wore an elegant cream brocaded satin gown, and her pretty daughter wore pink, chiffon, silk and roses making a lovely frock. A debutante at this dance was Miss Greenwood, niece of Mrs. Cawthra, who looked very well in cream silk and chiffon, with pink roses. Miss Cawthra of Yeaton Hall, who has just

returned from the South, was very beautiful in pink satin, with overdress of jeweled tulle. The color note of the dance was pink, as has been at several this year, and the supper tables were done in the same cheery shade. Needless to say that the supper was dainty and exquisitely served, such being the invariable rule at hospitable Guiseley House, and the music also excellent.

The marriage of Miss Marion Wilkie, daughter of Mr. D. R. Wilkie, and Mr. W. A. H. Kerr took place on Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock, in All Saints' church, the rector, assisted by Rev. H. J. Cody, officiating. The

service was choral, and was witnessed by a smart party of guests, much augmented at the reception given at the home of Mr. Wilkie afterwards. Miss Wilkie's bridal robe was of white satin, in Empire mode, trimmed with some rare old lace and softened with ruchings of net. The veil was of special interest, having been worn by her mother at her bridal. The bouquet was of white roses. Miss Katie Homer Dixon, Miss Alice Bethune, Miss Grace Aitken and Miss Patterson were the bridesmaids, very smartly gowned in white cloth, lightly relieved with gold trimmings and a soupcon of fine lace, toques and muffs of pale blue silk and chiffon with beaver fur. Miss Winnifred Tait was flower girl, in pale blue silk and chiffon, with hat of blue, trimmed with pink roses, and basket of pink roses. Mr. Jack Moss was best man and Messrs. Bertie Cassels, McLennan of Montreal and Stuart Wilkie, brother of the bride, were the ushers. The church was a bower of palms, chrysanthemums and green, an arch separating the seats reserved for the guests. The bride's going-away costume was of russet brown cloth, Eton coat and skirt, the revers applique; the toque of dark rose pink velvet and fur.

Among the Christmas novelties at the Julian Sale leather store is a cribbage set, in a leather book. The board and cards and counters are cunningly tucked away in the shape of a small book, the loveliest thing to take on one's travels, and a gift sure to touch the heart of a Dick Swiveller of today. By the way, a gift always appreciated by a woman of fashion is a hat trunk. The Julian Sale people have with some four hat-trunks, and a small veil and glove tray. Get your hats out of your handboxes and keep them neatly in one of these very useful and necessary trunks. You will not crush them in traveling, either, and the cost is a detail in comparison with a broken algrete or bent plume. The new leather is sea-lion—very smart in brown and gray, rough enough to be worn with a tweed suit, and chic enough for silk and velvet. Seal, alligator and sea-lion are the style, the latter newest and most ultra smart. If you know a golf girl (and who doesn't?) buy her a leather golf score, the smartest little gift in the whole of the elaborate stock at Julian Sale's.

On Wednesday and Thursday afternoon Mrs. Gordon Osler held her post-nuptial receptions in her new home, 93 Madison avenue. Fair weather favored the callers, who came in great numbers, the fact that two small teas happened to transpire in Madison avenue on Wednesday being a much appreciated fact by busy people who were bidden and wished as well to welcome promptly the new matron in her own home. Mrs. Osler wore a pretty heliotrope gown, all tucked and belted with gold. In the tea-room Mrs. Bath (nee Francis), Miss Osler and Miss Geary took care of the callers. Mrs. Osler has a charming menage, and as a vis-



A SAFE INVESTMENT (SAFFORD RADIATORS)

the greatest net returns, and this refers to satisfaction in quality, style and price.

A radiator that leaks loses money for the owner in a thousand ways—

The Safford Radiator

possibly leak because it has screw-threaded pipe connections thus doing away with rods, bolts or packing. The construction of the "Safford" is under the supervision of the most skilled mechanical experts in the country—our own patented machinery (which we control absolutely) secures the most practical results at the minimum of cost.

The price of the "Safford" is no higher than it ought to be, and as low as is consistent with its character. It is "a safe investment" from every point of view. Send for our free, Illustrated Booklet telling you more about it.

The Dominion Radiator Company, Limited,
Toronto, Ontario.

itor said on the doorstep: "Those lovely Montreal windows," with rich lace blinds. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler are spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, parents of Mrs. Osler, in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Mackenzie had the privilege of being present at the review of the Canadian troops by the Prince of Wales. The young couple are much enjoying a visit in London, and intend going to Paris and the Riviera later on.

Those Normal kindergarten youngsters had their Christmas festival yesterday morning, and I hope to have some notice of it next week, for it is always the prettiest! The "nice kids" of the Normal Kindergarten have also my warm thanks for the Christmas card. It was delightfully pretty and dainty.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Haldenby left this week to spend Christmas in New York. They will afterwards visit Philadelphia, Washington and other southern cities.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
Fairweather—Dec. 12, Mrs. Allan C. Snow—Dec. 15th, Mrs. A. J. Russell Snow, a son.
McIntosh—Dec. 17th, Mrs. Phineas Mc-

Intosh, a son.
Stanton—Dec. 10th, Mrs. O. B. Stanton, a son.

Marriages.

Adams—Dudley—At 307 Seaton street, Toronto, on Dec. 15, by Rev. Dr. Thomas W. C. Adams, son of Captain Adams, of Rosedale, to Edith M., daughter of Mr. W. H. Dudley, of Seaton street.
Reid—Dale—Dec. 8th, William Reid to Margaret May Dale.
Beaton—Rogers—Dec. 18th, Alexander Hector Beaton to Mary Logan Rogers.
Phipps—Elworthy—Dec. 12th, Frank Hamilton Phipps to Helena C. Elworthy.
Kerr—Wilkie—Dec. 18th, William Archibald Hastings Kerr to Marion Angeline Wilkie.
Patterson—Webster—Dec. 19th, Rev. Gaylord Hawkins Patterson, M.A., Ph.D., to Millicent Louise Webster.
Boomer—Moore—Dec. 19th, George Anthony Boomer to Louisa Alberta Moore.
Neil—Townsend—Dec. 18th, James Millar Neil to Alice Maud Townsend.
Niven—Spratt—Dec. 19th, William B. Niven to Georgina M. Spratt.

Deaths.

McKellar—Dec. 15th, Lachlan McKellar, in his 49th year.
Hay—Dec. 15th, Maggie Bryans Hay, Evans—Dec. 19th, as the result of accident, Alice Louise Evans, widow of the late Alderman George M. Evans.
Geddes—Dec. 18th, Susan Stewart Geddes, in her 84th year.
Turquand—Dec. 19th, Bernard Damer Corbett—Dec. 15th, Patrick Corbett, aged 76.
Reid—Dec. 12th, Rev. Thomas Miller Reid, aged 81.
Murray—Dec. 16th, the wife of Thomas Murray, M.P. for Pontiac.
Caldwell—Dec. 15th, Hugh Caldwell,

aged 60.
Green—Dec. 18th, John Green, Governor of Toronto Jail, aged 71.
Mullaney—Dec. 2nd, as the result of accident, John W. Mullaney, grandson of the late James Beatty, M.P.
Shields—Dec. 16th, Maggie Shields, in her 28th year.
Adair—Dec. 14th, Sarah Park Adair, widow of the late James Beatty, M.P.
Bradwin—Dec. 13th, Charles Henry Bradwin, aged 27.
Milliken—Dec. 18th, Christina Grace Milliken.
Stobbs—Dec. 18th, Rev. Thos. Stobbs, in his 80th year.
Wiggins—Catherine Wiggins, aged 68 years.
Meek—Dec. 19th, Jennie Meek.
Finch—Dec. 19th, Lavina Finch, in her 84th year.
Dixon—Dec. 19th, Edward J. Dixon, in his 34th year.
Scott—Dec. 11th, Joseph Scott, in his 73rd year.
Devlin—Dec. 17th, Perry Howe Devlin, in his 6th year.
Crawford—Dec. 17th, Sarah Crawford.
Harris—Dec. 12th, Herbert L. Harris, aged 32.
Chaine—Dec. 18th, infant son of R. B. Chaine.
Brown—Dec. 16th, Alice Myrtle Gertrude Brown, in her 9th year.
Edwards—Dec. 16th, Ethel Gertrude Edwards, aged 16.
Patterson—Dec. 16th, Margaret McPherson Patterson, in her 6th year.
White—Jane Henry White, formerly of London, Ont.
Maughan—Dec. 13th, Nicholas Maughan, in his 81st year.
Dexter—Dec. 15th, Thomas Dexter, in his 74th year.
Spotton—Dec. 13th, Ann Byrne Spotton, in her 85th year.
Reade—Dec. 13th, Allan Moody Reade, in his 7th year.
Thorburn—Dec. 14th, Richard Thorburn, M.P., late of Coburne.
Richardson—Dec. 13th, Fred W. Richardson, aged 37.
Jackson—Dec. 14th, Edith Jackson, aged 29.